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A TEST OF CHARACTER.

A maxim by Goethe, recently brought to light, reads as follows: "A man shows his true character only when he speaks of a great man or of a great thing. That is the true touchstone of his soul." Speaking of touchstones, we are reminded of Matthew Arnold's insistence upon the usefulness of providing one's self with an apparatus of brief poetical passages, supremely excellent in form, to be used as tests of poetry in general. No matter how deceptive the spurious metal may be, when viewed by itself, its character is plainly revealed when it is brought into comparison with the pure gold of a phrase from Dante or Milton or Shakespeare. Goethe's maxim would seem to extend still further the usefulness of such touchstone phrases. Apply them, not to poetry for the purpose of technical criticism, but to men, as tests of their capacity for generous appreciation and lofty imaginings. It is not the least among the uses of noble literature that it may thus serve to distinguish the aristocracy of intellectual endowment from the common herd of those whose thought is untinged by idealism, and whose mental horizon is closely circumscribed by the narrow things of the household and the market-place. Particularly in a society based upon a high average of material comfort, in which all sorts of men wear the same kinds of clothes, read the same newspapers, and do the same things, some test of a searching nature is needed to enable us to discern those fundamental differences between man and man which must still exist, however disguised by conventional habit and wonted course of life.

We were reading not long ago what seemed to be an intelligent article upon the conditions of successful authorship. We followed the writer's argument with respect until an unfortunate illustration revealed his true character. He referred to the traditional ten pounds received by Milton for "Paradise Lost," and remarked that it was probably more than that "flatulent epic" was worth. This amazing revelation of intellectual indigence made it clear that the writer was not likely to have anything worth saying upon any subject related to literature. The entire influence of what had gone before was instantly destroyed. To the same

effect we may offer another example that has lingered in the memory for several years. The case is that of a young man who wrote poetry, and was by way of achieving a certain modest success in his pursuit of the art. He had seemed to give evidence both of poetical sensibility and of expressive faculty. But one unlucky day he expressed himself (in newspaper prose) upon the subject of one of the greatest of poets, and this is what he said: "As for his being a great poet, I don't see it. A lot of stuffy old professors and semi-hysterical school-marms pretend to find a lot in Dante's stuff, but they are suffering from intellectual dry-rot." The pitiable vulgarity of disposition evidenced by this screed put an end to any hopes we had entertained concerning that particular writer of verse. It set him definitely outside the pale of the Muses' Kingdom. In the light of such an illustration of meanness of soul we realize the stern significance of Goethe's maxim. It becomes more than a sentence in the ordinary meaning of the word, it becomes a sentence of judgment, fixed and unappealable.

The foregoing examples of character tested and found wanting are of inconspicuous *provenance*, but others are not lacking which involve well-known names. Without drawing upon the countless instances in which great spirits of the same age have failed to do each other justice, we may find a sufficiency of striking manifestations of defective sympathy among the judgments pronounced by famous men of letters upon their more famous predecessors. The blindness which marked Voltaire's estimate of Dante and Shakespeare, and Johnson's estimate of Milton, and Arnold's estimate of Shelley, went beyond the limits of what may be condoned as personal idiosyncrasy; they were something more than a legitimate difference in the standards of taste; they provided a revelation of character that seriously impairs our respect for the men who were capable, with all deliberation, of such perverse utterances. And the warmest admirers of the great Russian moralist of our own time must admit that their idol is partly composed of clay when they read the labored argument in which he imagines he has disproved the genius of Shakespeare. One feels that so fatal a defect in a man's make-up as that argument reveals must make his opinions upon any subject open to suspicion, must immeasurably lessen his influence as a teacher of ethics or anything else.

Another modern instance in illustration of Goethe's maxim may be found in the critical

antics of the intellectual mountebank who seems to be taken seriously in some quarters as a prophet of advanced thought, and even as a trustworthy guide for the conduct of life, and who has delivered himself upon the subject of Shakespeare to the following effect: "There are moments when one asks despairingly why our stage should ever have been cursed with this 'immortal' pilferer of other men's stories and ideas, with his monstrous rhetorical fustian, his unbearable platitudes, his pretentious reduction of the subtlest problems of life to commonplaces against which a Polytechnic debating club would revolt." It would not be easy to match this example of a pygmy soul taking pride in its own insignificance. It was Emerson, we believe, who once said that it always gave him pleasure to meet men who realized the superiority of Shakespeare over all other writers. What he would have felt could he have met Mr. Bernard Shaw is not difficult to conjecture, and we can hardly imagine even Emerson's imperturbable serenity as remaining quite unruffled in the presence of so monstrous an exhibition of fatuous ignorance.

The world's judgment upon such men as Dante and Shakspeare and Milton has been, of course, so definitely pronounced that no man may now hope to reverse it. If one cannot honestly share it, he should take Mr. Frederic Harrison's advice, and pray for a cleaner spirit, instead of indulging in clamorous dissent from the rooftops. He need not assert what he does not believe, for that would be hypocrisy, but his attitude should be one of becoming humility, of regretful admission that the fault must be his, and that the world is surely right. There is hope for the one who takes this position, and the light may dawn upon him when he least expects it. He may in time come to Guinevere's point of view:

"It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known;
It would have been my pleasure had I seen."

And if it be not altogether true that

"We needs must love the highest when we see it,"
it is better to aspire toward that condition of enlightenment than to entrench the soul in purblind self-sufficiency, and snarl at whatever exceeds the scope of its vision.

We have illustrated our maxim-text by examples taken solely from the field of literature. But Goethe meant it to be far wider in its application, and the theme might profitably be enlarged upon with reference to the other arts, and to the still broader field of human life. The annals of history, no less than the achieve-

ments of art, provide these touchstones of the soul, and a man's character may be tested no less clearly by observing how his mind thrills to significant deeds than by noting its response to the appeal of significant forms of expression. Shakespeare nearly anticipated Goethe's thought when he wrote that

"Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues."

for he also meant that a man's character is best revealed by the way in which it reacts to the stimulus of worthy deeds and noble thoughts, as these are found in the artistic inheritance of the race and in the historical record of its upward growth.

THE SHORT STORY OF TO-DAY.
A STATISTICAL STUDY.

In the following article, I shall not attempt to prove that the modern short story had its inception in America, or that it is a distinct type of literature; neither shall I trace the history of the short story from Boccaccio to Kipling, nor attempt to explain its art when practised by such masters as Mérimeé, Poe, Turgenieff, Maupassant. Instead, I shall content myself with giving the results of a systematic study of the short stories published in the leading American magazines during the closing months of 1906. In beginning my study, I read carefully all the short stories * published last year in the September, October, November, and December numbers of the following magazines :

American	25 stories	Lippincott's	25 stories
Appleton's	24 stories	McClure's	24 stories
Atlantic Monthly	12 stories	Metropolitan	31 stories
Century Magazine	21 stories	Munsey's	23 stories
Cosmopolitan	22 stories	Pearson's	27 stories
Everybody's	22 stories	Reader	14 stories
Harper's	27 stories	Scribner's	18 stories

Three hundred and nineteen stories were read, ranging in length from 800 to 15,000 words; twenty-six stories fall below 2500 words; twenty-four exceed 7500 words. Of the authors, 157 are men, 76 women. As the men write 213 stories, it is obvious that a third of the short fiction published in these magazines is the work of women. It may not be amiss, in speaking of the sex of the writers, to mention that in sixty-three stories women have no part, and that there are only four purely feminine stories in the lot. While it may not be impossible to write a short story with no masculine character, which shall interest the average reader, it is a significant fact that such an one is not among the stories under consideration.

Ninety-eight authors fail to give the location of their stories, which are here classified as "location

* I have followed the classification of "What's in the Magazines." All stories classified under "Fiction," which are complete in one number of the magazine, excepting novelettes, the storilettes in Munsey's, and fables, are here treated as short stories.

doubtful." Of this class, however, with perhaps a half-dozen exceptions which describe some phase of the life in the Middle West, the atmosphere is Eastern. The authors of forty-two stories state definitely that their characters are New Yorkers; and it seems more than probable that the people in thirty-three of the stories whose location is doubtful are residents of the metropolis, while as many more of the "doubtful" stories have an atmosphere that the reader naturally associates with New York and its neighboring towns and villages. Next to New York in point of number is New England, with nineteen stories; while the characters in twenty of the "doubtful" stories are unquestionably Yankees. Four stories are found in and around the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and the Dutch of the same state are the people in three more. South of Mason and Dixon's Line are found nine stories, in three of which the negro plays a part. The authors of fourteen stories describe the life of the inhabitants of the mountainous region west of the Mississippi. Eight, two or three of them long-drawn wails of loneliness, come from the desert haunts of the cactus, the tarantula, and the horned-toad. Three authors locate their stories in Chicago; two others in neighboring towns. Kansas contributes two stories, Missouri one, the mines of northern Michigan another. The Great Lakes give up a love romance. The woodsmen and trappers and Indians of the wilds of Canada are depicted in nine stories. Alaska and Newfoundland each contribute a tragedy. Seven stories come from the sea; ten others have each a scene on board ships.

Eighty-six, or a little more than a fourth of all the stories, are founded in foreign countries. If those from Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland, and the sea are added, it is seen at once that a third—104, to be exact—are found outside the boundaries of our own country. Granting that a few of them were written by foreign authors, the result can scarcely be regarded as a triumph for those critics who have been trying to teach American authors to write American stories.

To England belong twenty-five of the foreign stories, eleven of which are in London. France gets an even score; a dozen of these French *contes* are worked out in the Latin Quarter or on the boulevards of Paris. The mainland of Spain is the scene of four stories; three are laid in Spanish islands in the Mediterranean Sea. Five come from the Philippines. Scotland, Turkey, and Africa get three each. Italy and fictitious republics in Central America have two representatives each. Japan has a scene in each of two stories; likewise the battle-fields of Manchuria. Ireland, Holland, Eastern Asia, the cattle ranges of Australia, the mountains of Mexico, Porto Rico, and the Bermuda Islands, have each a single representative in this collection; while the remaining seven stories are scattered over real and fictitious countries.

The fact that practically every story contains more than one element of interest would seem, on

first thought, to make any attempt at classification futile; however, after a careful study of these 319 stories, I have been able to classify most of them. The love-story, the story of adventure, the humorous story, the sociological and the psychological study, the industrial, political, and detective stories, the character study, the newspaper baseball and football stories, the study in horror, the story of married life, Christmas, Indian, and ghost stories, suggest themselves without reflection. However, these are only a few of the more important types.

As the love-stories are not only most numerous but also most interesting as a study, producing some rather curious facts, I shall give the statistics in detail. Of course, not all stories in which there is a love interest, or which end in marriage, are classified as love-stories; only those in which the predominating interest is in winning a heart, or retaining a heart already won, are placed under this head. There are sixty-seven stories of this type, of which twenty-nine have foreign backgrounds. In twenty-five stories, the authors leave the impression that their leading characters are soon to marry; seventeen end in marriage; in fifteen, engagements are announced; the wrong man proposes in one; in another, the end is a little too subtle for me to tell whether the man gets the girl or not. It is rather interesting to note that ten of the seventeen marriages take place in foreign countries. If nothing else can be said in praise of the American as a lover, it must be admitted that, since but seven of the forty-nine love romances worked out in the United States actually end in marriage, he is an extremely cautious fellow. While he does not hesitate to lead the girl to believe that he intends to marry her, and shows no very great aversion to becoming engaged, he is certainly in no undue haste to involve himself in hymeneal bonds.

Eight of the love-stories end tragically. A Spanish *señorita*, a Pueblo Indian girl, and a French daughter of northern Canada murder their lovers. An insane Frenchman poisons his son's *fiancée*. After sparing the life of his rival, a Japanese lover commits *hari-kari* on the battlefield. A French girl dies of a broken heart soon after her lover has sold, for a hundred francs, his right to her love. An English chorus-girl pines away and dies when she realizes that her lover's social position will prevent their marriage. A jilted Spanish youth is not disappointed when he elects, as a sure means of death, the life of a soldier; for he is destined to become one of the eighty thousand sons whom Spain sacrificed in her futile effort to retain her sovereignty over Cuba. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about these tragedies of love is that in only one does an American play a part, and even here he does not strike the blow.

It would seem from these love-stories that neither the American man nor woman loves to the point of tragedy,—our daily newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding. There is another peculiarity about the American lovers among these story-people. Although

the sincerest love is based upon self-sacrifice, the note of self-sacrifice is seldom touched by an American—again the newspapers to the contrary. Duplicity is another quality made conspicuous by its absence. From the foregoing, three important facts are deduced: first, when an author intends that his hero and heroine shall actually marry he either selects foreign characters or drags Americans into some foreign country; second, when he has a tragic conclusion in mind he invariably selects not only foreign characters but also a foreign background; third, the American is a selfish but not a deceitful lover.

Humor, or an attempt at humor, is the predominating note in forty-seven of the 319 stories. In forty stories the delineation of the central figure's characteristics seems to be the chief end in view. The child-story has twenty-eight representatives, six of which are classified as humorous. In fifteen of these stories, girls have the leading *rôles*; while eleven fall to boys. In two stories the parts are of about equal importance. The writers of twenty-three stories wrestle with some type of psychological problem, making but little attempt to conceal the bald fact. Of course, other writers are more or less interested in problems, but they weave them so skillfully into the woof of their stories that they constitute only one of the elements of interest. Such stories are given diverse classifications. Twenty-one deal with one phase or another of married life, problems and humor predominating; however, eight of them seem best called simply stories of married life. Adventure is the predominating note in eighteen stories. There are but seven Christmas stories in the fourteen magazines. The Western, the detective, and the industrial stories have an even half-dozen representatives each. The political field gets five stories. The Civil War has not been forgotten, as is attested by four authors who found their material in that great conflict. Four others made purely sociological studies, and the same number wrote fantastic tales. Of the seventeen stories which have one or more scenes on board ships, but three of them strike me as stories of the sea. To the police, to the brigand, to the newspaper, and to mystery solved and unsolved, are devoted three stories each. While the Indian appears in six stories, there are but two instances in which the chief interest centres in the red man and his life. The railroads, ghosts, the new woman, anarchy, and football—note the combination—have two representatives each. There are two burlesques on French manners. Two stories illustrate the irony of fate; two more are fairy stories.

Among the animals that have parts in these stories are found two dogs, an elephant, a pig, a collection of pets, and a horse as *raconteur*. The automobile is used in only three stories. Only seven old maids with leading parts are found among the several hundred characters. Writers on the race question and the labor question are silent; the golf story, the temperance story, and the story dealing with divorce, are also types that are missing.

Judging from these stories, the old bachelor, as a distinct species, is almost extinct.

In one story out of five — sixty-six, to be exact — one or more of the characters uses a dialect. In eleven stories a Western dialect is spoken; in nine, the Irishman's brogue amuses. In seven stories the rural New Englander speaks his Yankee vernacular; in a half-dozen more, the Frenchman talks English with a Parisian accent. The Hebrew is heard in five stories, the Dutch in four, and the Slav in the same number. Italians, Englishmen, sailors, and negroes enunciate in three stories each in their own peculiar way. In two stories each the German and the mountaineer distort our language. The remaining four excursions in dialect are hard to classify.

A note of humor brings to an end forty-three stories. The authors of thirty-seven stories leave the impression that their leading characters are soon to marry; thirty-six stories conclude with marriage; in twenty-four, engagements are announced. Death brings thirty-five stories to their end; in ten of these stories one of the leading characters is murdered. Twenty stories conclude with the halo of success resting on the hero's head; in fourteen more, reconciliation is brought about; in an even dozen cases, one of the characters accepts the inevitable and the story ends in resignation. Mystery is solved in eight stories; in seven the yoke of tyranny is shaken off, in as many more someone's eyes are opened; a half-dozen contests end with unconditional surrender; in a like number of cases some peril is averted; in as many more, perfect contentment reigns. Five characters repent; the same number are victorious. In four stories, separated characters are united; a like number end with a relapse; a friendly act concludes three; insanity has a single victim; the remaining thirty-seven have a variety of conclusions which fall outside the foregoing classification.

With no claim to any title other than that of a reader of average intelligence, I offer a few observations and conclusions for what they may be worth.

That the psychological story is, when well done, perhaps the most subtle of all stories, few will deny. But unless the characters are drawn so carefully, so true to life, that the end seems inevitable, for me at least, the story has no value. Still, the writers of this type of story often seem wilfully to neglect character delineation. If, as is so often done by the writers of the psychological stories under consideration, the reader is given mere lay figures, it is hard to understand how the author can expect him to accept the solution. Merely to say what man will do under given circumstances seems a waste of time; for are the solutions not innumerable? That the element of surprise, although it is the saving grace of many types of stories, has no place in the conclusion of a psychological study, appears self-evident; yet it is by no means unusual. Too often these writers, — through lack of ability to perform the really difficult feat of creating a character, or because, having the ability, they are unwilling to take the time, — forget that it is perfectly legitimate

to pose a question in the short story without attempting to answer it. Simply because, with a few deft strokes, the masters of this type of story have been able to create living characters, and then have lost little time in beginning their psychological analysis, it does not follow that anyone who elects to write a psychological story has the same ability. For one not a genius to attempt to create a character without the use of action is to attempt an Learian task. That the reader does not get his clearest insight into a character while the writer is telling about him, but when he is seen in action, is a truth which must have been recognized long before the first story was written. To say that action is not only the medium which introduces a reader to the true nature of a character in fiction or of a friend in life, but that it is also the medium that introduces a reader to himself, is merely to repeat a truism. Still, despite these well-recognized facts, action, generally speaking, is the psychological writer's special aversion.

The interest in the animal story, which ran rampant a few years ago, proved the passing whim of a changeable public. Notwithstanding the fact that a few of the best fiction writers in America to-day are giving their tinge to the child-story, it is hard to believe that it is anything more than the popular caprice of the hour, and one naturally wonders if it is not destined to meet a fate similar to that of the animal story. A lack of knowledge of child-life can be brought against many of the writers of the child-story. The country girl of ten, who supposed a mole to be swifter than a dog, and thought that, when pursued, a mole would seek shelter in a corn-house, is scarcely an exceptional child in the stories under consideration.

As important as is masterly character delineation to the interest of the psychological study, is humor to the child-story. But instead of humor, most of the writers of this type of story are endowed with a proud father's loquacity. It is possible to listen for a few minutes, with a pretence at patience, even to the proudest parent's harangue; likewise, it is possible to read, with patience if not with pleasure, say a 3000-word story about a child. But when an author, with the persistent loquacity of the proud father, insists on pouring out a 10,000-word child-story, practically without the essential element of humor, it seems time to protest. A fourth of the child-stories exceed 6500 words — much above the average length of the stories under consideration.

The number of these stories that turn on events imaginatively impossible is really surprising. Granting that many unquestionably classic stories have this fault, and that more than one of Shakespeare's plays turn on incidents that the modern imagination rejects, while some critics are willing to overlook this fault, it would seem that in this materialistic age writers less gifted than the Bard of Avon might consent to base their stories on events that an average reader could accept as possible. Fully a fourth of these stories could be condemned on this count.

If the reader puts no check on his pessimism and

looks deep into the hearts of these American story-people, he might justly accuse them of many grave faults. Still, despite the fact that some of them are averse to self-sacrifice, — that when they do surrender it is too frequently a painful process, creating the impression that the sacrifice does not come from the heart and that a rebellion may be expected, — that there are few all-around lovable characters among them, — that their kindness is too often brutal in its frankness, — that they have a deep-seated aversion to showing their passions or to dying merely to amuse the reader, — one would search in vain for a really despicable character among the American story-people found in the 319 stories read. More than this — there is not one among them without some admirable quality.

BENJAMIN NICHOLSON.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE GLASGOW CONVENTION OF LIBRARIANS two weeks ago was in celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the Library Association of Great Britain, an organization only one year younger than the American Library Association, the pioneer in the movement of incorporating and bringing into mutually helpful relations the widespread library interests of a whole nation. Among the papers read and discussed at Glasgow — some of which we shall perhaps take occasion later to refer to more particularly — were dissertations on "The Librarian and his Relation with Books," "The Net Books Question," "Library Legislation," "New Proposals in Regard to Public Libraries by the National Home Reading Union," and, in matters of minute practical detail, "Catalogue Rules," and "Sound Leather." Other papers there were, in sufficient abundance, of local rather than general interest, such as, "The Organization of the Glasgow District Libraries," "English and Scottish Royal Heraldry," and "The Liability of Public Libraries to be Assessed for Rates and Taxes." Commenting editorially on the history and influence of the Association, Mr. A. W. Pollard, editor of "The Library," well says: "It is certainly an extraordinary witness to the enthusiasm of librarians for their work that the history of the association may be searched for a whole generation and hardly a trace will be found in it of the urging of any personal pecuniary claims. Librarians are loud in demanding more money for their libraries, but although in proportion to their work they are probably the worst paid body of men and women in the United Kingdom, the questions of salaries and pension schemes with which associations of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are not infrequently concerned, have hardly ever figured on the agenda paper at either the annual or monthly meeting of the Library Association." The same praise is due to our own high-minded and devoted librarians — though, as salaries go, they fare better than their fellows of other lands.

THE SHORT DETECTIVE STORY, interest in which just now seems to be showing renewed freshness, owes whatever excellence it possesses to the ingenuity, and also the plausibility, of its plot. There is commonly little character-study in it, little appeal to the emotions other

than curiosity, little display of the finer qualities of style. Hence the plot, the mechanism, which is nearly everything, should be all but faultless; the machinery should not creak or break down; the gearing should be nicely adjusted to the motive power and to the work to be performed. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's little adventure into this attractive field of fiction in the September "Century" is pervaded with a good deal of the charm of the writer's personality. His membership on the board of directors of the Library Company of Philadelphia, and his omnivorous passion for books, make him perfectly at home in matters of library administration and the peculiarities of book-worms; while his professional experience enables him to write convincingly of doctors and diseases — all of which enter into "The Mind Reader." But in his burglary he is much less of an adept, probably from lack of practice with the jimmy and other tools of the trade. His whole story, which by the way is much longer than the strictly detective part requires — but we quarrel not with the padding — breaks down when the two burglars are seized with terror at the death of the man whose will they have stolen, and whose mortal injury they have accidentally caused in effecting their theft. The will, however, could have no value for them except in the event of the testator's decease; for he could at any time before his death make a new will, thus reducing the earlier one to the value of waste paper. But apparently, and strangely enough, the burglars had planned to abstract the will without injuring its maker, and then to extort a handsome payment for the restoration. One knows not which most to marvel at, the stupidity of the burglars — who, it should be added, left untouched a solid silver table service as being insignificant in value compared with the will — or the somnolence of the author (and of the editor) in permitting so obvious a blunder to pass uncorrected.

THE CREATOR OF "DARIUS GREEN" is quietly and contentedly rounding out his four-score years at Arlington in these pleasant autumn days — symbolic of the pleasant autumn of Mr. Trowbridge's busy and useful life. The occasion brings to mind the curious story of Darius Green of Washington, as thus related by the Washington correspondent of a northern paper: "In one of my trips through the Navy Department I was introduced to the chief clerk of the Bureau of Construction, whose name is Darius Green. 'Not the Darius Green of flying-machine fame?' I asked upon hearing his name. 'Exactly,' he replied smiling; 'that is just who I am.' He then told me his story. 'Some thirty-five years ago,' he said, 'I was a boy attending a school at Medford, Mass. One day the poet Trowbridge called upon the principal, a personal friend, and sketched out the plan of his celebrated story of the flying-machine. "I have," he said, "everything now except a name for my hero. Can't you find among your scholars one that will suit?" My teacher thought over the names of his pupils and mentioned mine to Mr. Trowbridge, who accepted it and made me famous.' Darius Green was employed in the navy yard of Boston [Charlestown] for a number of years. In 1889 he came to Washington and accepted his present position in the Bureau of Construction." The most curious part of the whole story is that Mr. Trowbridge denies all knowledge of this Medford-Charlestown-Washington Darius Green, who has certainly demonstrated that he has a genius for construction. The poet declares he has

never been inside a Medford schoolroom and has never enjoyed the acquaintance of a Medford schoolmaster. But the story is one of those that ought to be true, and perhaps its inventor believes himself to be discharging a moral obligation in upholding its truth.

MR. SHAW'S DRASIC METHOD OF DEALING WITH POVERTY, as advocated in the preface to "John Bull's Other Island," appears to be regarded not without favor in his own country. Newspaper discussion has been gravely carried on as to the undesirability of lessening the infant mortality of London's slums. What immediately raised the question was an utterance from Dr. W. MacDougall, the psychologist, in the 1906 issue of "Sociological Papers" just put forth by the Sociological Society. Speaking of the abolition of infant mortality, Dr. MacDougall says: "This is likely to be completely effected in the next two years, and we shall then have abolished the one factor which in any important degree at present tends to redress the balance between the rates of reproduction of the superior and inferior classes." Professor Flinders Petrie also, in his "Janus in Modern Life," deprecates this humanitarian effort to rescue the poor babies and add them to the toiling millions of men and women. "It would be," he declares, "from the lowest type of careless, thriftless, dirty and incapable families that the increase would be obtained." "Is it worth while," he asks, "to dilute our increase of population by ten per cent more of the most inferior kind? Will England be stronger for having one-thirtieth more, and that of the worst stock, added to the population every year?" To this Dr. C. W. Saleby replies that it is untrue to speak of infant mortality as a "natural weeding-out of the unfit"; that the victims are born capable of rendering a good account of themselves if only given a fair chance; and that West-End children, if exposed to the same perils and hardships, would fare no better. Yes, the time has passed when it was honestly believed that one war in a generation was beneficial and even necessary as a natural blood-letting to the plethoric body of the nation.

LITERARY PAP FOR INFANT MINDS is increasing greatly in quantity. Taking pattern after—and sometimes a long way after—the admirable "Tales from Shakespeare," volume after volume has appeared of stories from Homer and Herodotus, from Chaucer and Froissart, from the travels of Lemuel Gulliver and the adventures of the ingenious Knight of La Mancha, with innumerable other juvenile editions and adaptations of famous classics. Is there wisdom in this anticipatory action of kind-hearted literary ladies and gentlemen of unoriginal or uncreative bent? It is something like feeding the child with plums out of the pudding, or with frosting from the cake, or like giving him a peep at his presents before Christmas has come. There is danger of disenchantment in this. Children have a plenty of books written originally for them; why then deprive them of the pleasure and exhilaration of discovering all these masterpieces for themselves? Adaptations and abridgments may even engender disgust for the complete work and prevent its ever being opened. The writer remembers, or has been told by his mother, that as a small child he resented any attempt to tell him the Bible stories in any but the Bible language. And so it well may be and doubtless often is the case that benevolent endeavors to bring an old author down

to the boy's or girl's comprehension merely result in robbing the author of his peculiar charm and causing him thereafter to be neglected. These considerations are suggested by the current issue of a series of juvenile adaptations and simplifications; and though we may be in the wrong, the question is worthy at least of a passing thought, perhaps even of serious discussion.

THE DISCOVERY OF ANOTHER ENGLISH AUTHOR is to be credited to us. Miss May Sinclair, whose remarkable novel, "The Helpmate," has been holding the wondering attention of so many readers of "The Atlantic Monthly," appears to be somewhat neglected in her own country. Over there, as we are informed, they find her last book "dull," perhaps because it is so commendably free from all ambitious attempt to picture the smart set, and depends for its interest on a realistic presentation of middle-class types. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer gives us the welcome information that Miss Sinclair (that is her real name) is so genuinely modest and unassuming that she will never do anything to get her picture into the papers, nor will she ever force herself on public attention otherwise than by the excellence of her literary work. Though she discusses marital problems with the seeming experience of a much-married person, she is still single. Perhaps, indeed, the latter fact partly explains the former. Her undaunted way of handling a serious and delicate situation in "The Helpmate" makes one suspect her of failing to realize the full gravity of the case. Mr. Hueffer, who somewhat patronizingly commends his countrywoman's work as "promising and encouraging," tells us that she is "little, precise, quiet, young, restrained, and observant," and that "after you had talked to her for an hour you would say she was 'nice,' but you would know nothing about what she thought. She would probably know a good deal about you."

A DOLEFUL VIEW OF MODERN HUMOR is that taken by the editor of "Blackwood's Magazine" in some violently reactionary reflections on the late-belauded Mark Twain. The humor of to-day, the writer points out, is based on the obviously incongruous; and it goes to unwarrantable lengths in its flippancy and impertinence, holding nothing sacred and respecting no traditions. Three Englishmen—with shame be it confessed—are the originators of this disrespectful style of funniness; and their names are Tom Brown, Ned Ward, and Charles Cotton. But our honored Mark has bettered the original, so that he is now accused of being a perfect monster of coarseness, "a bull in the china-shop of ideas." And, further, "he attempts to destroy what he could never build up, and assumes that his experiment is meritorious." Of the "Yankee at King Arthur's Court" the same angry pen says that it is "such a masterpiece of vulgarity as the world has never seen"; and our old friends—or young friends, rather—Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn are "two boys who will survive to cast shame on all the humour of America." Not that their creator is without gifts; on the contrary, "it is for the sake of a genuine talent that we deplore Mark Twain's studied antics." What can be said in reply, to calm the dear old Maga's ruffled temper? Exaggeration and occasional bad taste must be admitted in our champion humorist. But who can read his later writings, the published chapters of his autobiography, the utterances of his serious and tender moods, and hold him guilty of all that is charged in the indictment?

THE PIPE-DREAMS OF INVENTORS, if gathered into a volume, would make most amusing reading. It was not long ago that a prospectus was issued by a brilliant genius who solicited the attention of would-be investors to his grand scheme for drawing on the illimitable stores of electricity waiting only to be tapped in the blue vault of heaven. Drawn earthward, this electric energy would do all the work of the world, while man sat at ease and twirled his thumbs. The only thing required was to make connection with the reservoir by means of a copper wire. To do this it was proposed to discharge a mammoth cannon heavenward from the top of Pike's Peak, the projectile to carry the end of the wire and to be hurled with such force toward the zenith that it would pass beyond the reach of gravitation and remain forever poised in space. But all this was to cost money at the outset. Now, however, we have a scheme for developing energy that is to cost but a mere trifle from the very start. Signor Raffaele Bova, an Italian electrician, has come all the way from Carinola, Italy, to demonstrate before American experts the surpassing merits of his invention "for running the largest dynamos without steam or other energy." All that is required for this is a small battery, no larger than that attached to an electric door-bell, and a transforming apparatus. "In building a fire," says our plausible inventor, "one must have a match. I have discovered the match of electricity, and with it can start the fire that continues to burn. In other words, with a substance to be obtained anywhere for a few cents, I originate the force that sets the dynamo in motion and continues it in action." There is unaccountable mention of a considerable sum of money required to install the new system; but this "installation expense" may be another name for the inventor's fee. The sum and substance of it all probably is that another dreamer, of the perpetual-motion order, has allowed his imagination to run riot in schemes for getting something at Dame Nature's bargain-counter below cost.

A BLIND POET'S PLAINT is uttered in appealingly pathetic accents in Mr. Morris Rosenfeld's denial of the report of his own death. "I am forced," writes the bard of the Ghetto and of the proletariat, "to declare that I am still alive, although death would be far preferable to my present condition. . . . I live in eternal darkness, for I am blind. The light of day has left me, and only misery remains. The bourgeoisie, in their splendid palaces, pretended to have heard nothing of the songs of the proletariat, and only my brethren, whom the echo of my muse had reached, sought me in order to assist their blind bard." He tells the sad story of his illness and poverty, the sufferings of his wife and children, his falling into the usurer's clutches, and (as he believes) the malicious publication of the report of his death in order that his few patrons might withdraw their help. "The publishers of my poems," he continues, "have had them translated into all languages without paying me a farthing. Now that they have heard the news of my death they send wreaths to be placed on the grave of the blind singer, in order that they, the wealthy, may be able to say that they have paid the tribute of their admiration. But henceforth I and my children will thank only those who sacrificed their last crust of bread to help us." Although there is something a little strained, a little hysterical, in the letter, it reveals a condition of undoubted mental and physical distress, and one that Mr. Rosenfeld's fellow Hebrews must feel urgently called upon to relieve.

"The Jewish Chronicle" (London) offers to forward to the afflicted family any sums entrusted to its care.

A CIVIL SERVICE PRIMER FOR THE UNTUTORED IMMIGRANT is to be published this autumn by the school board of Boston, whose alien element is large and rapidly increasing. In simple language the foreign children in the city schools, and their parents and elders in the evening schools or at home, are to be instructed in the rudiments of civics and put in the way of becoming good and intelligent citizens of their adopted country. The several chapters of this novel manual are written by volunteers, each versed in his subject, and all imbued with a desire to help the immigrant and to promote the public good. A prominent clergyman contributes the opening chapter, "The Threefold Government We Live Under," a public-spirited member of the city council gives an account of the city laws, a leading educator writes on "Our Schools and Libraries," and an accomplished woman tells briefly "The Story of Boston." Other chapters treat of naturalization, corrupt practices, the privileges and duties of citizenship, and kindred subjects. Poems and songs of civic life are appended, together with the constitution of our country, the Declaration of Independence, and a variety of other matter. This is all admirable, but of course the more admirable thing to accomplish will be to get the book read, and pondered, and profited by. Like "New Voters' Day," annually observed at Faneuil Hall with appropriate speeches and imparting of good advice, this latest movement ought to help toward the glad coming of that municipal millennium when American city officials shall be looked up to as bright and shining models of unselfishness and purity.

COOPER AND POE AS IMMORTALS in the Hall of Fame, after their too-long and too-absurd exclusion therefrom, would delight the eyes of thousands and spare many a future visitor the amazed and indignant protest that must arise so long as these two American men of letters and of genius remain conspicuous by their absence. The desired rectification of this astonishing blunder perpetrated by the Electors of the Hall of Fame seems now in the way of being effected. Mr. Stedman's vigorous protest in the "North American Review" has been echoed by others, and Chancellor MacCracken has accepted Mr. Stedman's suggestions and promised to take steps that are likely to lead to the removal of the reproach under which the Hall of Fame has been suffering, — for no one would say that the suffering has been undergone by Cooper and Poe. A speedy end of the matter, in the right way, is now the one thing desired.

A NOVEL WHET TO THE NOVEL-READER'S APPETITE has been devised by a New York publisher. A veritable "thriller" of a story has been written to order, and in the story a clue is given to the finding of a silver key that has been buried, so the advertisements say, under a certain locust tree in New York City. The finder of the key is promised one hundred dollars in gold by the publishers. Visitors to the great metropolis may now expect to encounter there a greater chaos and confusion of excavation than heretofore. It will probably be death to the locust trees, unless the city fathers interfere; but what is that compared to the possibility of winning a reward of one hundred dollars in gold? All this is the furthest possible remove from "art for art's sake," but we live (or so we are constantly being told) in a utilitarian age, and art must take a back seat.

The New Books.

GARRICK AS SEEN IN HIS LETTERS.*

The charm of Garrick, on the stage, in society, and in his letters, is attested by his contemporaries and by his voluminous correspondence, published and unpublished. He appears to have been irresistible even to his enemies. Standing in a fit of the sulks behind the scenes at Drury Lane, Mrs. Clive turned away in anger at finding herself moved against her will. "D—him!" she exclaimed, "he could act a gridiron." Dr. Burney said of his coat that the very flaps and skirts seemed animated, while the actor Bannister declared that in "Lear" his very stick acted. Shireff the miniature painter, who was deaf and dumb, followed Garrick's performances with close attention, and said he could understand him, for his face was a language. Johnson said of his conversation, what might with some truth be said of his correspondence also, "It is gay and grotesque. It is a dish of all sorts, but of all good things. There is no solid meat in it; there is a want of sentiment in it."

Some hitherto unpublished letters of Garrick, about forty in number, have been carefully edited and annotated by Professor George P. Baker, and handsomely printed, with many portraits and other illustrations in heliotype, by the Riverside Press. A mezzotint reproduction of a cast of Garrick's face serves as frontispiece. A foretaste of the collection has already been given to readers of the "Atlantic." Of the history of this bundle of letters the editor's preface gives all desired information, and of its biographical value he speaks briefly in closing the volume. "It is certainly remarkable," he declares, "that a collection made originally solely for purposes of extra-illustrating should contain so little of unimportance, and even more remarkable that so small a collection as that of Mr. Leigh . . . should rectify certain impressions about Garrick's relations with Lady Burlington; throw light on the earlier part of his friendship with John Hoadley; reveal a friendship of his last days the closeness of which has hitherto been unsuspected — that with Miss Cadogan; go far to justify his treatment of Home's *Douglas*; prove that he was really thinking seriously in 1765 of withdrawing from the stage; and in more than one instance

so fill gaps in the *Private Correspondence* [edited by Boaden] as to make letters printed therein much clearer and more significant." Probably most of the doubts that are thus thought to be cleared up have ceased to be burning questions with the general reader, and such extracts from the letters as space permits us to print will be chosen rather for their exhibition of the writer at his best than for their elucidation of alleged obscurities.

"I have this moment receiv'd a most charming letter from my dear, amiable Riccoboni," writes Garrick in September, 1768. But first a word about Madame Riccoboni and her letter. She was a French woman and a writer of novels, and by way of variety wished to translate some of the Garrick plays for production on the Paris stage. Her letter contains certain remarks on translation which elicit her correspondent's praise. "My friend," she says, "the taste of all nations accords on certain points: the natural, truth, sentiment, interest equally the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Russian, the Turk. But wit, badinage, the quip, the jesting tone, change in name as the climate changes. That which is lively, light, graceful in one language, becomes cold, heavy, insipid or gross in another; precision, accuracy, the sources of the charm, no longer exist. That which would rouse a burst of laughter in France, might cause a howl in London or Vienna. Everywhere humor depends on nothing, and that nothing is local. Usually those who make a business of translating have very little idea of these delicate shadings: consequently I have never seen an durable translation." Garrick's reply to this illustrates incidentally his fondness for flattery and his own habit of flattering in return. He writes, in part:

"You have really given so true and ingenious Account of national taste with regard to the Drama, that it would make a great figure in y^e very best Collection of letters that Ever were written — Your letter, up on my Soul, has charm'd Me; & tho I am in the Mid'st of bustle, & business, I cannot stay a single Moment without answering it — You may depend upon my sending immediately every Play, or dramatic piece as they are Acted, & before they are publish'd — but my dear good Friend, why will You talk of keeping an Account? Plays cost me Nothing and were they Ever so dear, You would overpay Me by the honour and pleasure I shall receive in your Acceptance of such trifles — no, no, my proud generous high-spirited Lady, we will keep no Accounts but in our hearts, and if you don't ballance the debt of Love and friendship you owe Me, I will use you, as such an ungrateful Devil ought to be Us'd — so no more of that —

"I will not despair of seeing you at my sweet little Villa of Hampton; perhaps it will raise your curiosity

* *SOME UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF DAVID GARRICK.*
Edited by George Pierce Baker. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

y^e more, when I tell you, that the King of Denmark came with all his Suite Yesterday to see my house & Garden, the Owner, & his Wife; you would think me vain should I tell you what he said, & I hope you will think me sincere, when I tell you that I had rather see You & yr friend there than all the Kings & Princes of Europe."

This well-known love of sweet doses is again in evidence in a later letter to Miss Cadogan. "You will be glad to know," he adds in a postscript, that M^{rs}. Barbauld late Miss Aikin wrote y^e following distich upon Miss More's shewing her my Buckles my Wife gave her, which I play'd in y^e last Night of Acting." Then follows the couplet:

"Thy Buckles, O Garrick, thy Friends may now Use,
But no Mortals hereafter shall stand in thy Shoes."

Some of Garrick's troubles and embarrassments as a theatre manager — embarrassments peculiar to his time and to his temperament — are revealed in a letter of the year 1759 to Lord Holderness (Robert D'Arcy, fourth Earl of Holderness, who was appointed a Secretary of State in 1751).

"I have taken the Liberty to send Your Lordship a Copy of y^e *Guardian* before publication; could I possibly shew my Respect & Gratitude in things of more importance I certainly would, but I deal in Trifles, & have Nothing Else in my Power. Prince Edward ask'd me last Night, who was the Author of y^e Farce; I was in great Confusion at y^e Question, because I happen'd to be the Guilty person Myself, But I have so many Enemies among the Writers on Account of my refusing so many of their Performances Every Year, that I am oblig'd to conceal Myself in order to avoid the Torrent of abuse that their Malice would pour upon Me — I thought it proper (and I hope Your Lordship will Excuse Me) to discover this; lest his Royal Highness should be angry at my not answering his Question directly, as I ought to have done — as Your Lordship well understands my disagreeable Situation, may I hope to have so good an Advocate as Lord [erasure and blank]? It is of Great Consequence to me to Conceal the Author of y^e *Guardian*, but it is of y^e Utmost to Me not to be found Wanting in y^e least Article of my Duty to his Royal Highness."

This and the letter immediately following it, to the same person, show the somewhat ticklish relations, as the editor points out, "of a manager of one of the two patent theatres to the Court. Though neither company, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was still called 'His Majesty's Servants,' Garrick's words prove that he felt his own comings and goings were under surveillance, and thought it was wise to ask for a consent, at least formally necessary, before leaving the stage during the season." The opening (to quote no more) of the second letter to Holderness is instructive.

"I have been so much indulg'd by your Goodness, that I shall venture to open my Grievs to Your Lord-

ship — It is my greatest Ambition that the Company of Drury-Lane should not appear unworthy of his Royal Highness's Commands — but indeed I am afraid, from a late Rehearsal, that the Comedy of *Every Man in his humor* will disgrace Us, If I have not a little more time for instruction — the Language and Characters of Ben Jonson (and particularly of the Comedy in question) are much more difficult than those of any other Writer, & I was three years before I durst venture to trust the Comedians with their Characters, when it was first revived."

The letters as a whole tend to corroborate the evidence of Goldsmith's clever lines in "Retaliation," that the great actor was "an abridgment of all that was pleasant in man"; but at the same time

"He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame."

In point of editorship, the extreme care taken to reproduce, as far as possible in print, the letter-writer's peculiarities of spelling and punctuation, his frequent use of the caret, and his arbitrary employment of capitals, tends to preserve the indefinable eighteenth-century atmosphere of the documents, but makes them less rapidly readable to twentieth-century eyes. In lack of an index, page-headings to show who is being addressed by the writer would have been very welcome; sometimes it is impossible to determine this without some search, or to ascertain at once the probable date of a letter. The great number of extant Garrick portraits has made possible the publication in this volume of many interesting pictures of the man and the actor.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

A DRAMATIC HISTORIAN.*

A well-invented if apocryphal anecdote relates that the German Emperor, in his schoolboy days, being asked to state the difference between Herodotus and Thucydides, replied: "The one I could understand, the other I couldn't." This is doubtless one of the most important distinctions for the tyro. But there are others. Although but a few years separate the father of history from his great successor, we find ourselves with the latter in another world. Herodotus is a charming, gossipy story-teller, who delights in omens and prodigies and oracles, and strange traveller's tales and all the marvels of the "brave new world that hath such people

* THUCYDIDES MYTHOLOGICUS. By Francis Macdonald Cormford. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

in it." His only philosophy of history and criticism of life is a *naïve* faith that a jealous God loves to humble swollen fortunes, "but the little ones do not provoke him at all."

Thucydides, on the other hand, is a hard-headed political positivist, the ancestor of Machiavelli and Guicciardini and La Rochefoucauld,—sensitive as a Greek and an artist to the dramatic values of history, but as a thinker far more deeply interested in his cold cynical analysis of the conduct and motives of the political animal, man. There is no other historic narrative at once so vivid and minute and so completely intellectualized, so interpenetrated and fused with ethical and political reflection, as is Thucydides's account of the Peloponnesian war. And the appreciative reader, however deeply he may feel the pity of what Ruskin calls "the central tragedy of all the world, the suicide of Greece," however sensitive he may be to the pathos of the Retreat from Syracuse which Macaulay and Gray thought the finest thing in historical literature, will still realize that it is this Thucydidean criticism of life that makes the History, in its author's boast, "a possession for all time, and not a prize composition which is heard and forgotten."

Though we have really little means of controlling Thucydides's statements of fact, this informing philosophy, and the impression produced by his austere self-restraint in speaking of friend or foe, have made his historical trustworthiness almost an article of faith with modern critics. But dogmas are made to be challenged, and the challenge implied in Mr. Cornford's title, "Thucydides *Mythistoricus*," is maintained in his book in a fashion which will be stimulating and suggestive even to those who cannot accept its conclusions. Mr. Cornford does not impugn the conscious good-faith of the historian. He merely seeks to show that we are under an illusion when on the ground of certain striking utterances we attribute to him a completely consistent modern scientific and positivist point of view. Thucydides himself thought that he had discarded the old mythology, and endeavored to explain everything by the inevitable operation of the laws of human nature in given conditions. But the mythological imagination still dominated his mind, and it was impossible for him to cast his history in any other mould than that which mythology and tragedy had imposed upon all Greek thought and art.

In support of this thesis, Mr. Cornford expounds Thucydides's general philosophy of

human nature, taking as his text the speech of Diodotus on the insufficiency of the fear of punishment to combat Hope, Confidence, and Passionate Desire. The exposition corresponds so closely—though from the lack of acknowledgment it would appear undesirably—with that which I drew from the same text in a paper on the "Implicit Ethics and Psychology of Thucydides," that I need only express my natural concurrence, without attempting to criticize. Here, however, the resemblance ends. The psychology which I worked out in illustration of Thucydides's political positivism, Mr. Cornford regards as the starting-point of a new mythology. You need only add capital letters to the elements of human nature in Thucydides's analysis, in order to reinstate the unseen diemonic personifications that govern human destiny in Greek poetry and tragedy. For this startlingly simple transformation, we are, however, prepared by some general considerations against attributing to a thinker of that day a purely scientific attitude. Thucydides may seem to ignore the possibility of concrete supernatural intervention in the course of human affairs, and he may have refused to affirm anything for which he had not good evidence; but he had no positive conception of what we mean by the "reign of law" to fill the gap, for the sciences did not yet exist. His explanations of historical events are individualistic and psychological, where ours are collective, economic, and sociological. He traces everything to the character, the motives, the hopes, fears, and desires of individuals, where our science recognizes large abstract economic and social laws inevitably determining the actions of masses. Moreover, though chance may have been in theory for him what it is for us, a mere synonym of the incalculable, it could not in his imagination be excluded from a place among the ultimate causes of things by the more exact detail of modern knowledge. Thus, whatever his philosophic conviction, his dramatic instinct remained free to personify Chance or Fortune as a real agent coördinate or coöperative with the (capitalized) Personified Passions which his psychology discovered in human nature.

And as a matter of fact, Mr. Cornford finds that Thucydides's conception of historical causes is unscientific, and that his narrative is unconsciously colored by poetic and dramatic pre-conceptions. He tells us, for example, that the real cause of the Peloponnesian War was the alarm felt by Sparta at the growing power of

the Athenian Empire, but that the causes openly avowed were the quarrels over Coreyra and Potidaea, which he proceeds to describe. The word which he uses for the real cause (*prophasis*) might mean *pretext*, but probably does mean *occasion* employed as a loose synonym for *cause*. The word used for the alleged causes is *aitiai*, which in philosophical Greek means causes, but in early common usage rather suggests grievances, or complaints. Anthropologists tell us that "when primitive man asks the cause of anything, he wants to know who is to blame." Mr. Cornford infers that Thucydides had neither the word nor the idea *cause*, but could speak only of grievances or pretexts. This, I think, is to press his accidental use of terms too hard. But Mr. Cornford's argument need not rest on this verbal consideration. He tries to show that as a matter of fact Thucydides misapprehended the true causes of the war, which were economic. Chief among them was the desire of the commercial population of Athens and the Peiraeus to win the trade of the West. This they could do, in the absence of steam and the mariner's compass, only by the Isthmian route. But Corinth and Megara held the Isthmus. The only chance of Athens, then, was to win over or subjugate Megara. Hence the decrees intended to coerce Megara, or starve her out by excluding her from all ports of the Athenian Empire. Aristophanes and some of the later historians actually represent the Megarian decrees as the chief cause of the war. Thucydides himself lets fall a phrase or two that implies it. But lacking the modern scientific conception of the social and economic nature of historical causes, he falls back upon his personal and psychological standpoint, and occupies himself chiefly with description of the feelings and arguments of Athenians, Corinthians, and Spartans, on the eve of the war.

For the same reason, according to Mr. Cornford, in his account of subsequent campaigns in the Corinthian gulf, he fails to exhibit to us the real unity of purpose that determined Athenian activity in this direction, and gives us the impression of a series of disconnected and desultory enterprises. Similarly, though he enables us to infer, he fails to state clearly that the Sicilian expedition was merely the culmination of designs of imperial expansion in the West long cherished by the commercial party. His dramatic conception is that this lust for conquest in Sicily, Italy, Carthage even, was a tragic infatuation of the demagogue-led democracy after the death of Pericles. And he is therefore unable, or

instinctively unwilling, to give due prominence to the facts that show that the commercial and popular party advocated this policy from the beginning, and that, as our author believes, Pericles himself was forced by this party to pass the Megarian decrees. Such an admission would have marred the symmetry of his picture of the Olympian ruler who led the people but was never led by them. This is all very ingenious, but it is still open to less subtle minds to believe that the main cause of the war was, as the historian affirms, Peloponnesian jealousy of the Athenian Empire. And surely Mr. Cornford is inconsistent, both with himself and the plain facts, when he elsewhere suggests that Thucydides actually believed that Pericles's inveteracy against Megara was the *ate* of an inherited curse. For Thucydides clearly held that the war was well advised, and that Athens would have won but for the blunders of Pericles's successors.

More plausible is Mr. Cornford's contention that Thucydides's apprehension of the facts of history, and still more the form of his artistic presentation of them, is determined by his imaginative conception of Fortune as the chief actor in a drama in which the personified passions of human nature take the other *rôles*. The real dramatic interest of the History begins, he tells us in the third book, with the first important success of the Athenians — the capture of the four hundred Spartans at Pylos. It may be that this achievement was largely a stroke of luck. But Thucydides's dramatic instinct leads him to represent it as wholly so. The war has been dragging on monotonously, and is approaching a deadlock. A sudden intervention of *Tuche* as *deus ex machina* exalts the Athenian temper to the height of hope, greed, pride, and *hubris*, which leads inevitably to the tragic reversal of fortune and the abyss of *Ate*. So the story wins an impressive unity. Mr. Cornford, in his analysis of the tale of Pylos, tries to show (1) that a general impression of casualness and want of design is conveyed by innumerable little touches; and (2) that it is in fact highly improbable that either the occupation of Pylos or the capture of the Spartans was as accidental as Thucydides represents them. However that may be, the dramatic impression of the decisive intervention of *Tuche* in a crisis of human affairs is confirmed by the story of Cleon's boast that he could capture the entrapped Spartans in a few days, and by the actual accomplishment of the vaunt "*mad as it was*." Cleon the demagogue becomes at this point a

symbol of the spirit of insolence and greed that was to ruin Athens. As his own unexpected good luck made him fancy himself a real general, filled him with inordinate hopes, and lured him to his doom in the Thracian campaign, so the Athenian imperial democracy which he prefigures, intoxicated by unexpected and undeserved triumph over Sparta, and fulfilled with the fatal Love of the Impossible, was conducted by Peitho, the persuasions of evil demagogues, to the *Hubris* of Melos and the Ate of Syracuse. This is the part which, for all his positivism, Thucydides assigns to *Tuche* in the destiny of men and cities. This is the psychological mythology with which he replaces the mythology of the poets. This is the mould of Æschylean tragedy into which he casts the drama of history.

Mr. Cornford's elaboration of this analogy, and his minute and subtle comparisons with the Agamemnon, will especially interest that considerable body of students who, in the decay of allegory as an accepted literary form, satisfy the natural human instinct for this play of fancy by coqueting with the allegorical interpretation of the literature of the past. This would be a harmless amusement if it did not inevitably betray its devotees into the making of false points and the strained interpretation of their texts. That Thucydides's sense of the moral significance and the dramatic contrasts of history was quickened by reminiscences of Æschylean tragedy, is probable enough. But sober criticism will know how to make a light and tactful use of such suggestions without converting them into a rigid and systematic method of exegesis.

PAUL SHOREY.

THE ADMIRABLE DAMPIER.*

"If," remarks De Quincey, "we except Dampier, the admirable buccaneer, the gentle filibuster, and some few professional naturalists, Wordsworth alone, he first and he last, looked at natural objects with the eye that neither will be dazzled from without nor cheated by preconceptions from within." De Quincey, as Arnold would say, "had his own heightened and telling way of putting things, and we must always make allowance for it." Yet allowing

* DAMPIER'S VOYAGES. Consisting of a New Voyage Round the World, a Supplement to the Voyage Round the World, Two Voyages to Campeachy, a Discourse of Winds, a Voyage to New Holland, and a Vindication, in answer to the Chimerical Relation of William Funnell. By Captain William Dampier. Edited by John Masefield. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

that unbiased observers of nature, even unbiased amateur observers, have been more numerous, first and last, than the Opium-Eater imagines, we may nevertheless give heed to his implied praise of the undazed and uncheated filibuster whose works are the theme of this review. Since the days of the clear-seeing Greeks, relatively few among men could as honestly as Dampier advance the Wordsworthian claim, "I have at all times endeavored to look steadily at my subject," or, "I have written with my eye fixed upon the object."

And who was the admirable Dampier? William Dampier, pirate, captain in the Royal Navy, amateur naturalist and geographer, was born in Somersetshire, England, in 1652. After a brief schooling in the rudiments, he was apprenticed to a master-mariner of Weymouth, became a foremast-hand under Bantam, saw service on the flag-ship of Sir Edward Spragge in the second Dutch war, and at length, in 1679, joined a company of buccaneers in the West Indies. Crossing the Isthmus of Panama, they ravaged the Spanish settlements on the Pacific coasts of Central and South America. With various leaders, such as Sharp, Sawkins, Davis, and Swan, he followed the career of freebooter until 1688; in that year, having accomplished an arduous passage across the southern Pacific to the island of Guam, he was left on shore at the Nicobar Islands. Recovering from a long illness, he made one or two trading expeditions in the East Indies, then obtained the post of master-gunner at Bencoulen in Sumatra, and finally succeeded in reaching England again in 1691. Of his movements during the next six years almost nothing is known. In 1697, however, he published his first volume, "A New Voyage Round the World," which brought him into general notice, and paved the way for his later works. These are included in the present reprint. Through the influence now acquired, Dampier was sent in 1698 to explore the coasts of Australia, New Guinea, etc., an undertaking which added little to his fame; for on the way home his ship "foundered through perfect age at the Island of Ascension," and, when rescued, he returned in 1702, only to be fined by court-martial for alleged severity to his lieutenant. Subsequently he was accused of incompetence as commander of a privateer in the South Seas; whereupon he made answer in his ill-tempered and not wholly reassuring "Vindication." In 1708, on his fourth circumnavigation of the globe, he was pilot to Captain Woodes-Rogers, who liberated Alexander Selkirk (Cowper's

Selkirk) from the "Isle of John Fernando," and who from various sources, during a cruise of three years and a half, "conveyed" booty to the amount of nearly a million dollars. On this cruise one of Dampier's companions was the superstitious Hatley, the man who, on a previous voyage with Shelvocke, had shot the albatross which was later to be immortalized by Coleridge and Wordsworth in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Dampier died in London in 1715. So much for his life externally.

But what was the gentle filibuster himself? Let us look at his picture as reproduced in Mr. Masefield's first volume; or, rather, let us listen to Admiral Smyth's description of the original by Murray in "The National Portrait Gallery":

"The face is resolute and grave, sailor-like and weather-beaten, with considerable breadth above the eyes, and the forehead shadowed by a profusion of dark auburn hair, which reaches to the shoulders. The body is well-built but spare. . . . He is habited in a light-blue coat with velvet button-holes, and wears a white neck-cloth of sufficient volume to startle a Beau Brummel. . . . The attitude is easy; and in his right hand is [a copy of] 'Dampier's Voyages,' conveniently turned toward the reader."

This sketch tallies fairly well with a glimpse of the long and lank and brown man given by himself:

"It was well for Captain Swan [says Dampier of their arrival at the island of Guam] that we got sight of it before our provision was spent, of which we had but enough for three days more; for, as I was afterwards informed, the men had contrived, first to kill Captain Swan and eat him when the victuals were gone, and after him all of us who were accessory in promoting the undertaking of this voyage. This made Captain Swan say to me . . . 'Ah! Dampier, you would have made them but a poor meal; for I was as lean as the Captain was lusty and fleshy.'

It is pathetic, urges Mr. Masefield, —

"To think of him ['a man,' as Coleridge says, 'of exquisite refinement of mind'], writing up his journal, describing a bunch of flowers, or a rare fish, in the intervals between looting a wine-ship and sacking a village. . . . His best book was written aboard a buccaneer cruiser, amid the drunkenness and noise of his shipmates. He must have gone without sleep many times (a sailor will appreciate the sacrifice) in order to 'take a survey,' or drawing of the coast. When he went ashore he did not follow his mates into the rumshops. . . . ['I did ever abhor drunkenness,' he declares.] He examined the natives and the country, and jotted down every detail of every bird, beast, tree, and fruit, which he chanced to see. . . . The supreme faithfulness of Dampier's chronicling can only be gauged by those who take the trouble to compare the work of even the very best of the chroniclers who have succeeded him."

In an age when Dryden and Pope had taught England to gaze at nature through a distorting atmosphere of pseudo-Latin rhetoric, Dampier is almost unique, even among travellers, for his

Greek way of seeing things as they were. "All men," observes Aristotle, though he must have been thinking chiefly of his own race, "all men by nature desire to know." Dampier was one of those in whom the desire had become a passion.

Of Dampier's career and character as a whole, Admiral Smyth gives the following summary, which could scarcely be bettered:

"On a strict, and we hope impartial, investigation, it appears that his mind was acute, sagacious, and comprehensive; and none of the misadventures that we have related can be traced to his want of ability or conduct. Though cast by fortune upon a course of life which he never attempted to justify or palliate, and amidst the vicissitudes and temptations to which it exposed him, he never imbibed the virus of such vicious companionship. Embarking with those marauders rather from a desire of acquiring knowledge, than the usual motives which influenced his shipmates, the constant and powerful operation of this desire preserved his mind untainted. Hence, even among the lawless, his attitude was vigorous and commanding; and whenever his companions were in extreme danger, his skill and experience, which were always available, secured him their respect and obedience. If we except the capital error of falling into that course, full approbation must be rendered to his justice, moderation, liberality, temperance, piety, and humanity."

And now for Dampier's writings. In Mr. Masefield's reprint the type is clear and the editing generally excellent. The introductory memoir might indeed have been fuller, for Admiral Smyth's standard biographical sketch in the "United Service Journal" is now seventy years old, and no longer easy to find. From Mr. Masefield's index we miss several entries, among them the name of Selkirk. For the rest, let Dampier be his own chief spokesman.

"As for the Actions of the Company among whom I made the greatest part of this [the 'New'] Voyage, a Thread of which I have carried on thro' it, 't is not to divert the Reader with them that I mention them, much less that I take any pleasure in relating them: but for methods sake. . . . As to my Stile, it cannot be expected, that a Seaman should affect Politeness. . . . My chief Care hath been to be as particular as was consistent with my intended brevity, in setting down such Observables as I met with."

Here is one of his "Observables," taken almost at random:

"The Sea-Lion is a large Creature about 12 or 14 foot long. The biggest part of his Body is as big as a Bull: It is shaped like a Seal, but six times as big. The Head is like a Lion's Head; it hath a broad Face with many long Hairs growing about its Lips like a Cat. It has a great Goggle Eye, the Teeth 3 inches long, about the bigness of a Man's Thumb: In Captain Sharp's time, some of our Men made Dice with them. They have no Hair on their Bodies like the Seal; they are of a dun colour, and are all extraordinary fat; one of them being cut up and boiled, will yield a Hogshead of Oil,

which is very sweet and wholesome to fry Meat withal. The lean Flesh is black, and of a coarse Grain; yet indifferent good food."

In his touches of narrative, Dampier is equally neat.

"March the 22d, 1684, we came in sight of [Juan Fernandez], and the next day . . . went ashore to see for a Moskito Indian, whom we left here when we were chased hence by 3 Spanish Ships in the year 1681; . . . Capt. Watlin being then our Commander.

"He was in the Woods, hunting for Goats, when Capt. Watlin drew off his Men, and the Ship was under sail before he came back to shore. He had with him his Gun and a Knife, with a small Horn of Powder, and a few Shot; which being spent, he contrived a way by notching his Knife, to saw the Barrel of his Gun into small Pieces, wherewith he made Harpoons, Lances, Hooks and long knife; heating the pieces first in the fire, which he struck with his Gun-flint. . . .

"With such instruments as he made in that manner, he got such Provision as the Island afforded; either Goats or Fish. He told us that at first he was forced to eat Seal, which is very ordinary Meat, before he had made Hooks: but afterwards he never killed any Seals but to make Lines, cutting their Skins into Thongs. He had a little House or Hut half a Mile from the Sea, which was lin'd with Goats Skin; his Couch or Barbecue of Sticks lying along about 2 foot distant from the Ground, was spread with the same, and was all his Bedding. . . . He came then to the Sea side to congratulate our safe Arrival. And when we landed, a Moskito Indian, named Robin, first leap'd ashore, and running to his Brother Moskito Man, threw himself flat on his face at his feet, who helping him up, and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the Ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. . . . He was named Will, as the other was Robin. These were names given them by the English; for . . . they take it as a great favour to be named by any of us; and will complain for want of it, if we do not appoint them some name when they are with us; saying of themselves they are poor Men, and have no Name."

That is the sort of living material from which imaginative tales of adventure spring. Out of such germs have developed types all the way from *Man Friday* in "Robinson Crusoe" to *Ben Gunn* in "Treasure Island." Mr. Masefield and his publishers have done well to bring the material in Dampier before the public again, if only for its interest in the history of literature. There can be little doubt that this *naïve* and veracious "Journal of every Days Observations" had an extended influence on some of the literature that followed it. Swift, though he makes Captain Lemuel Gulliver sneer at "my cousin Dampier," must underneath his satire have really felt an admiration for the simplicity and directness of the buccaneer's English. As for Defoe, it would be fascinating to study out the connection between *Robinson Crusoe* and Dampier's "Voyages," or between these and Defoe's own "New Voyage Round the World." It would be still more profitable,

no doubt, to determine what effect a highly popular yet essentially scientific record, such as Dampier's, may have had upon the imaginative prose of the early eighteenth century; for the so-called "return to nature," which finds its fullest expression in the poetry at the beginning of the nineteenth, begins to show itself in non-metrical tales like "Gulliver," "Crusoe," and "Rasselas" — all founded on the literature of travel — far earlier than in eighteenth century verse.

Were there space, we ought to notice, too, the literary relations of the age of Cowper, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, with the class of writings to which Dampier's belong; for example, the use to which Wordsworth, in a later version of "The Blind Highland Boy," put the anecdote told by Dampier about the little son of Captain Rocky, who went aboard his father's ship in an immense tortoise-shell. But we must close rather with a glance at our own day.

What has lately occasioned the reissue of so many half-forgotten books of travel and exploration? In part, of course, the activity displayed in reviving such works is artificial, stimulated by enterprising publishers, and answering to the factitious needs of emulous libraries. In part, also, the interest is scholarly: volumes like these of Mr. Masefield, or the Hakluyt Society's reprint of "Purchas his Pilgrims," or Dr. Thwaites's series of "Early Western Travels," meet the demands of the historian and the geographer for accessible works of reference, where, to the isolated investigator, the original editions may be wholly out of reach. But the rapidity with which obsolete itineraries have been republished within the last decade or so seems to argue something more noteworthy than a mere inflation of the book market, something more important, even, than the satisfaction of scholars. It seems to argue a wider popular interest in at least one side of past human experience, at a time when experience, if it is to gain a hearing, must not in general be very old.

The popularization of Dampier in his own age preceded "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver." The resurrection of Dampier and innumerable other travellers, that took place a century or more ago, was a potent influence in the revival of honest observation and true poetry under Wordsworth. Can it be that the present vigor shown by editors like Mr. Masefield will, by teaching us again to see the external world as it is, unlock the sources of our now languishing poetry?

LANE COOPER.

EVOLUTION AND THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.*

The past ten years have witnessed a remarkable development in the science of biology, and especially in that portion of it which has to do with the problem of organic evolution. The trend of biological work as a whole has in this period taken a sharp turn away from the path it had previously been following. Formerly, the orthodox and prevailing method of studying the problem of life was the truly oriental one of first carefully killing the creature to be studied and then with infinite pains proceeding to scrutinize its minute structure. Having acquired some data on this point, it was obviously a simple and not unpleasant process to spin out theories as to the significance for the life of the individual or the species of all the structural peculiarities found. Applying certain general rules (carefully compiled in Haeckel's "Generelle Morphologie") to the conduct of this pleasant game, it was possible, in the period between the appearance of the "Origin of Species" and say 1896, to build up an imposing mass of literature regarding the genetic relationships of animals. Toward the end of this period, however, the feeling began to become widespread that no substantial gain in our knowledge of how organic evolution actually takes place had been made by the method of attacking the problem which had been in vogue. Many investigators began to wonder whether a somewhat less indirect mode of research—one which should deal with living organisms, and treat evolution as a process—might not reasonably be expected to advance knowledge rather more rapidly. As a result of this change of view-point, we have seen in the last decade a swing of the pendulum of biological investigation away from the so-called "pure" morphology over to the experimental side of the subject. The results, even in so short a period as a decade, have been remarkable. To mention only some of those which have had to do directly with the problem of evol-

ution, we have first in importance the wonderful experiments of De Vries, in which the actual origin of new elementary species has been directly observed. Closely related to this work on mutation has been the accumulation of results carrying us toward a precise knowledge of perhaps the most fundamental of biological processes,—namely, heredity. Starting in 1897 with the publication, by Karl Pearson, the English mathematician-biologist, of exact determinations of the intensity of inheritance in given cases, and receiving a fresh impetus in 1900 with the "rediscovery" of Mendel's laws of alternative inheritance, there has been a truly remarkable advance of knowledge in this field.

Not only has the change of biological viewpoint to which we have alluded stimulated investigators to unprecedented activity in the study of evolution, but also, as usually happens in such cases, it has led to the production of a whole series of "popular" books on evolution and related topics. It is with a few of this season's product of these less technical expositions of the present trend of biological thought that we have to do here. On the basis of subject-matter, we may divide these books into two groups. The first group, dealing with organic evolution in the usually accepted sense, includes Guenther's "Darwinism and the Problems of Life," Lock's "Recent Progress," Headley's "Life and Evolution," and Jordan and Kellogg's "Evolution and Animal Life"; the second group, dealing with the more recondite problem of that which precedes organic evolution, the origin of life itself, includes Le Dantec's "Origin of Life" and Bastian's "Evolution of Life." Taken as a whole, this array of titles is imposing. Do the contents fulfil the promise of the titles of the volumes?

In the preface of the first book on our list, "Darwinism and the Problems of Life," Professor Guenther tells us that "The present work had its origin in an attempt to appreciate the range, the foundation, and the value of evolutionary theories." As the result of this "attempt," the author comes to the conclusion that on the whole the only theories of evolution worthy of credence are those of his academical colleague, Weismann. All the recent experimental work of De Vries and others on evolution has for him no special significance so far as the fundamentals are concerned. In no doubtful terms does he express his opinion of deviations from the orthodox Weismannian creed. Thus, regarding the mutation theory he says (p. 347):

* DARWINISM AND THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE. By Conrad Guenther. Translated by Joseph McCabe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

RECENT PROGRESS IN THE STUDY OF VARIATION, HEREDITY, AND EVOLUTION. By R. H. Lock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

LIFE AND EVOLUTION. By F. W. Headley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

EVOLUTION AND ANIMAL LIFE. An Elementary Discussion of Facts, Processes, Laws and Theories relating to the Life and Evolution of Animals. By David Starr Jordan and Vernon Lyman Kellogg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF LIFE IN THE LIGHT OF NEW KNOWLEDGE. By Felix Le Dantec. With an Introductory Preface by Robert K. Duncan. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

THE EVOLUTION OF LIFE. By H. Charlton Bastian. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Hence the multiplicity of our actual species cannot be due to mutations." This ought to be final. The theory of orthogenesis — that definitely directed variations occur in nature, and are an important factor in progressive evolution — receives no kinder treatment, though in the last few years much definite experimental evidence in its favor has appeared. Taken as a whole, that portion of Dr. Guenther's book which deals strictly with biology can best be characterized as sadly behind the times. It does not give a truthful picture of current scientific opinion regarding the problem of organic evolution. The last two chapters deal with the broad philosophic aspects of evolution. The author's standpoint is one of curiously mangled idealism. *Dinge an sich* are all about us, but "natural science does not present reality to us as it is." Reality is "infinite" and "incomprehensible." A considerable portion of the final chapter deals with ethical questions. The best that the author can offer us here is: "The utmost that science can say is that an ethic, a setting-up of ends to be attained, has no meaning. It can only direct a man to let himself be borne in peace on the stream of cause and effect, without doing anything, because his action could have no aim and no result. The only possible scientific ethic is resignation." All this would be amusing, were it not for the possibility that someone might take it as an authoritative statement of the real standpoint of science.

If Professor Guenther's book is behind the times, certainly the same cannot be said of Mr. Lock's account of "Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity, and Evolution," the second work on our list. This is strictly up to date, — so much so, indeed, as to run a little risk of being labeled "frenzied biology," and as to have very certainly only an ephemeral value. The author has been actively engaged in the study of Mendel's laws of heredity in plants, and the present book is plainly to be regarded as an outlet for the enthusiasm thus engendered for the newest in biology. After a brief and rather perfunctory outline of the Darwinian theory of the method of organic evolution, in which nothing new is contributed, the author proceeds to give a clear and very readable summary of (a) recent work in biometry (the application of quantitative methods to the study of evolution problems), (b) the work of De Vries on mutations, and (c) the investigations of alternative inheritance inspired by the rediscovery of Mendel's laws. On the whole, this is prob-

ably the best available book from which the layman may get a reasonably complete and non-technical account of recent investigations in the last two of the three fields covered. Unfortunately, the treatment of the subjects is not strictly even and impartial. All three of them are more or less subjects of controversy, and especially bitter has been the controversy between the workers in biometry on the one hand and in Mendelism on the other hand. Mr. Lock happens to be a very enthusiastic Mendelist, as has been said; consequently it has resulted that the treatment of biometrical work given in the book is very adversely critical, while the treatment of Mendelism is altogether uncritical. Leaving out this rather serious defect, the book has much to recommend it.

Mr. Headley's "Life and Evolution" is an expansion of a series of lectures on general biology to an audience entirely untrained in this science. The aim of the lectures and of the book is to give the clearest possible account of some of the main types of structural and psychic diversity found in animals, together with an exposition of current views as to how these various types came into existence in the course of organic evolution. Everyone will grant that this is a most laudable purpose, and, further, that if the task is well done the result will stand as a notable contribution to popular biological literature. It may be said at once that Mr. Headley has done very well indeed what he set out to do in this book. In the reviewer's opinion, there exists no other book which in the field covered can compare in general excellence with this. Everywhere free of technicalities, simple without being silly, never shirking the difficult and abstruse problems of biology but rather elucidating the best of present-day opinions regarding them, the author has told and illustrated the general outlines of the story of the evolution of animals in a masterly way. The keynote of the book is the consideration of the structures of animals from the point of view of adaptation. This is good; and the way the point is worked out in the book is better. The procedure here is not that so common in popular works on evolution, of discussing adaptation as an abstract proposition and then illustrating it with a few stock examples which have been overworked to the point of exhaustion. Instead, our author takes a series of obvious structures of common animals and shows specifically how these structures individually are of a character to help the possessor in its struggle for existence under the conditions in which it

finds itself. Thus, for example, it is brought out with great clearness how those structural characteristics, both superficial and skeletal, which differentiate a bird from a reptile are adaptations to avian conditions of existence. This leads naturally to a discussion of the flight of birds, and the problem of flight in general. In this field the author is able, from his long experience in bird study, to speak with unique authority, and his discussion is one which may be read even by the specialist with profit as well as pleasure.

While primarily a book for the "general reader," the volume entitled "Life and Evolution" will, unless we are greatly mistaken, be warmly welcomed by the teachers of nature-study in the secondary and normal schools. It will prove a mine of information and suggestion for them. The book is copiously and (unfortunately) unevenly illustrated. Some of the original photographs are excellent, while the line-drawings in some instances are so crude as greatly to mar the appearance of an otherwise well-made book. The cautious critic who searches for minute errors will find some, but they are so relatively few in number and so clearly the outcome of the "popular lecture" method of presentation as hardly to call for mention in view of the general excellence of the work as a whole.

Dr. Jordan and Professor Kellogg's "Evolution and Animal Life" is, like Mr. Headley's book, the outgrowth of a course of popular lectures on evolution, with the difference that in the present case the lectures were delivered to an audience of university students. On the whole, it must be said that the result of the transcription of lectures into book form is not so happy in the case of the American as in the case of the English book, probably on account of the very fact of the difference in the audiences in the two instances. There is an unmistakable and insistent didactic flavor to "Evolution and Animal Life," which never allows the reader to forget that the aim of this writing is to teach undergraduate students as much as may be about organic evolution. The scope of the work is more extensive, and the treatment of the whole subject of evolution more thorough (in a pedagogical sense) in this than in any of the other books on our list. This may be indicated by a summary statement of the contents. The first three chapters are occupied with preliminary definitions of evolution and discussions of the physical basis of life, the simplest forms of life, the meaning of species, and similar fun-

damental points. The next eight chapters deal with the various theories as to the method of evolution which have been proposed, and the facts and supposed facts of nature on which they have been based. The remaining ten chapters are devoted to special topics related to the subject of evolution. They include discussions of such matters as sex, ontogenetic development, paleontology, geographical distribution, parasitism, adaptations, communal life of animals, coloration, psychic life of animals, and "man's place in nature." The treatment of these topics follows fairly closely the conventional lines which have become rather definitely established in the university teaching of evolution in this country, but introduces much of the most recent work which has been done in the field covered. It hardly needs saying in an American journal that the book is well written, authoritative, and suggestive. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a better work to put in the hands of serious students of evolution, to be used either as a text-book or for so-called "collateral reading."

The two books in our second division, the origin of life, require but brief discussion. Le Dantec's contribution is a volume of two hundred and fifty pages, which, according to the title, has to do with the "Nature and Origin of Life." Regarding the "nature of life," the author assures us at great length that life is a mechanism. The "proof" of this is rather devious, but essentially appears to depend as a foundation on the fact that living protoplasm is matter in the colloidal state of aggregation. The superstructure of the proof consists of a rediscovery of the elementary known facts of biology in a mathematical terminology, which for logical imperativeness compares not unfavorably with the old doggerel, —

"If A is a turnip,
And B is a flea,
Then C equals tweedle-
Dumdee."

The discussion of the "origin of life" is undertaken on the two hundred and forty-eighth page. On the two hundred and fiftieth (and last) page, the author tells us that "The problem of protoplasm synthesis remains what it was." Nothing could be more certain than this, so far as any contribution by Le Dantec is concerned.

Dr. Bastian's most recent contribution, the last book of our list, is mainly of historical interest. It is a detailed and somewhat belated statement of his side of the controversy over the spon-

taneous generation of life, which followed the publication, in 1872, of his book on "The Beginnings of Life." In this it was maintained that the origination of living things from non-living matter could readily be observed experimentally. This thesis was immediately attacked by one of the greatest figures in the history of biological science, Pasteur, and by a master of physical science, Tyndall. It was, and has remained, the verdict of the world that the experiments of these two men successfully and finally refuted Dr. Bastian's thesis. After more than thirty years' work and thought on the subject, he is, however, more than ever convinced that he is right and that everybody else is wrong on this obviously important question. Unfortunately, it is greatly to be doubted whether the present book will win anyone to his position. Ingenious and striking some of the new experiments cited certainly are; but it will be very difficult to find any biologist who will be convinced that they *demonstrate* the truth of the conclusion drawn from them by Dr. Bastian.

RAYMOND PEARL.

RECENT BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND SPORT.*

It is a commonplace observation in science, that as knowledge advances there is a corresponding change in the scientific vocabulary. In the science of transportation there is, consequently, a change in the language. The old poetic glamor which hangs about the terms associated with the old modes of travel — the palanquin, the sedan chair, the post-chaise, and the stage-coach, linked with their companion terms, the old North Rond, the tavern, the great roast and the flagon — is no longer ours. Long ago we lost the beautiful significance of "sauntering," "sojourning," "wandering," "pilgrimage," and even of so modern a term as "a walking tour." To-day Kipling sings of the beauty of the "liner" and the glory of a locomotive, and Maeterlinck pays a fervid tribute to the "wonderful unknown beast," the automobile. Both these writers are artists in fine feelings, with a sensitive regard for fine language; but the average reader, when he thinks of the glory of motion, reverts to De Quincey's account of the English Mail-Coach, to Stevenson's "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey," to Hazlitt, and to Borrow, and wonders if

modern transportation, with its cry for speed, will satisfy his demand for the poetry of travel as did these masters.

Mr. Francis Miltoun, in his book entitled "The Automobilist Abroad," well says that "A certain picturesqueness of travel may be wanting when comparing the automobile with the whirling coach-and-four of other days, but there is vastly more comfort for all concerned, and no one will regret the march of progress when he considers that nothing but the means of transportation has changed. The delightful prospects of hill and vale are still there, the long stretches of silent road, and, in France and Germany, great forest routes which are as wild and unbroken, except for the magnificent surface of the roads, as they were when mediæval travellers startled the deer and the wild boar." The poetry of motion has a new sensation in its catalogue of vivid impressions. Mr. Miltoun's enthusiasm for the motor-car, however, does not overbalance the practical and practicable problems of touring abroad. Every point of such a tour — hotels, routes, road-building, the touring clubs, road-signs, motor-car regulations, and customs duties in Europe, maps and road-books, famous European road-races, and famous hill climbs — is adequately and interestingly recounted by the author of this book, who has toured many thousands of miles on the Continent and in Great Britain, and who, if we count the items in his index of places, has visited over six hundred towns and cities in Europe. As the average motorist develops a marvellous appetite, the author gives much space to the question of inns and hotels; and having both suffered and rejoiced in many places of entertainment, he speaks with authority and with distinct feeling regarding the good and inferior inns one meets while motoring. Concerning the roads travelled, he places France as the land *par excellence* for touring. After France comes Great Britain, with snug little touring grounds and excellent roads. Germany, where touring is in high favor, has all sorts and conditions of roads, from the best in Baden, the Palitinate and the Grand Duchy of Hesse, to poor in the central and northern provinces. Swiss roads are thoroughly good everywhere, but many of them, particularly mountain-roads, are closed to automobile traffic. In Belgium there are immeasurable stretches of the vilest pavement in the world. Italian roads are variable, but generally good on the main lines of travel. Automobiling in Spain is a thing of the future. With characteristic humor, Mr. Miltoun disconcerts the disarmament of European nations, as the rival nations are inclined to keep their frontier roads in unusually good condition. The grand tour of other days has become, in the parlance of the European motorist, the "Circuit Européen." Beginning at Paris, the tourist descends through Poitou to Biarritz, thence along the French slope of the Pyrenees, skirting the Mediterranean coast by Marseilles and Monte Carlo, thence to Genoa, north to Milan and

* *THE AUTOMOBILIST ABROAD.* By Francis Miltoun. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

NIMROD'S WIFE. By Grace Gallatin Seton. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

HUNTING TRIPS IN NORTH AMERICA. By F. C. Selous. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BIG GAME SHOOTING ON THE EQUATOR. By Captain F. C. Dickinson. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

A CORNER IN INDIA. By Mary Mead Clark. Illustrated. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

to Vienna (the outpost for automobile supplies and comforts), and returns to Paris by way of Prague, Breslau, Berlin, Hanover, Cologne, and Reims. This route is about thirty-one hundred miles long, and requires from twenty-five to thirty days to make the run. Much of the route is more extensively used by motorists than any other route in Europe. Such a tour, Mr. Miltoun assures us, "in all its illuminating variety is far and away ahead of the benefits our forefathers derived from the box-seat of a diligence or a post-chaise."

The four "parts" of Mrs. Grace Gallatin Seton's book bearing the title "Nimrod's Wife" narrate the adventures, both grave and gay, of herself and husband, with their companions, in the Sierras, the Rockies, on the Ottawa, and in Norway. In a prefatory note Mrs. Seton says: "The events herein recorded really happened, although some latitude has been taken as to time and place; and one experience may seem to follow fast upon another, because, necessarily, the best of all has been omitted — the glorious succession of *eventless* days when one was content to be alive and care-free." This happily-phrased note disarms the critic, who otherwise might question the plausible rapid-fire incidents which occur in breathless succession. To read of Mrs. Seton's adventures in the Sierras, where she began her outing by making a burlesque plunge into an icy-cold pool whose only other occupant was a writhing water-snake, and then to visit a hut with a frantic woman whose husband lay dead there, to have an exciting time with a Mexican sheep-herder whose ill-treated dog had wisely followed the author's party (the dog which ultimately saved the party from a Juggernaut-like assault from a bull) down to the account of a tiny, field-mouse whose efforts to escape from the heavy canvass on which the rubber bed rested caused the author to imagine and to suffer the thought that the sneaking insinuating motion was made by a rattlesnake, — to read of all these incidents is to know that Mrs. Seton's preface was warranted, and, indeed, necessary. "In the Rockies" contains an interesting account of a ride through a burning forest — and it occurred on the Fourth of July! Another chapter in the same part tells about a fantastic Fantail Ghost and a Jack Rabbit Dance, both capitally told and charmingly illustrated. "On the Ottawa" contains a good story of the author's fishing for the muscallonge. Her adventures in Norway were confined to kodak-hunting for reindeer. Whatever mental reservations we may make regarding the quick succession of adventures of Mrs. Seton, we can unreservedly praise her for her quick wit and catching humor, for her thorough-going sportsman-like manner, and for the literary graces of good composition. The illustrations, too, made by Mr. Walter King Stone and the author's husband, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, are in pleasing harmony with the spirit and the purpose of the book.

A story goes that Mr. F. C. Selous, the famous English hunter of big game, was nicknamed

"Zealous" by his companions at Rugby. Whether true or not, the title is nevertheless a fitting one for the man who so zealously hunts all wild things, from the nests and eggs of the nut-cracker in Bosnia to the game giants of Africa and of British North America. It is now a goodly number of years since Mr. Selous went out to Africa, to make his living with gun and rifle, and to write entertaining books of adventure on that paradise of big-game hunters. In recent years — since about 1900 — Mr. Selous has limited his expeditions largely to British North America, in Central Canada, Newfoundland, and the Yukon Country, where he has hunted for specimens of fine heads of the moose, caribou, and wild sheep. His latest book, "Recent Hunting Trips in British North America," is made up of transcripts from his diaries which were written nightly over the camp-fire. One would very naturally expect that such trips would fairly bristle with thrilling adventures; but such is not the manner of Mr. Selous's narrative, nor is his method of hunting big game of such a nature that it invites a breath-holding narrative. Mr. Selous's preparations for his hunts are so orderly, his stalking is so business-like, and his results are generally so workmanlike, that the reader will often pause to wonder where the sport comes in. But Mr. Selous is not a parlor sportsman, nor is he a believer in batteau hunting — a form of hunting in high favor in Newfoundland, where the caribou are shot in hundreds from ambush in their semi-annual migrations across the land. Rather, he prefers to take a canoe, a guide, and some necessities, penetrate the game-haunted forests far from the beaten paths of wanton skin-hunters, and there select and kill a few old male animals with good heads which will serve as mementoes and specimens. To kill the female, unless for food supply, meets his disapproval. That the author can let game go unmolested, is shown by this story of a caribou doe and fawn:

"When I first saw the deer they were about one hundred and fifty yards away; and as the wind was blowing downstream they could not possibly scent me, so I sat down on a rock and waited for them. They came slowly along, picking their way amongst the stones. . . . I sat in full view, about midway between the bank and the water, holding my rifle across my knees, and remained absolutely motionless.

"The doe never noticed me at all, and I am sure never for one moment imagined that I was not a part of the stone on which I was sitting. She passed slowly between me and the bank, and at one time was certainly not four feet away from me. The fawn walked right onto me, and when its nose was almost touching my knees, must have smelt me, as it stopped, and stood looking into my face with its nostrils twitching. I remained perfectly still, and it then turned aside, and walking past me rejoined its mother, without, however, seeming to have taken alarm."

Such a picture reveals much — the wonderful control of the hunter, the unsuspecting nature of the animals, and a golden opportunity for the hunter with a kodak. But Mr. Selous is not a kodak hunter. He frankly admits that the telling shot which bags the game is the sport that appeals to him. He does admire the "poor brute" in his

natural surroundings, but he cannot withhold the shot which will add a "good head"—to be measured in inches and to be counted in points—to his collection or to the museum at South Kensington.

"Ten thousand years of superficial and unsatisfying civilization have not altered the fundamental nature of man, and the successful hunter of to-day becomes a primeval savage, remorseless, triumphant, full of a wild exultant joy, which none but those who have lived in the wilderness and depended upon their success as hunters for their daily food can ever know or comprehend."

Our two quotations reveal, we think, the two sides of the author—the nature-lover and the head-hunter.

The very title of Captain F. C. Dickinson's book, "Big Game Shooting on the Equator," leads the reader to anticipate some thrilling tales of adventure, records of some remarkable shots, accounts of hair-breadth escapes, and some worthy descriptions of natural scenery in ever-wonderful Africa. None of these virtues, however, distinctly mark Captain Dickinson's volume. Were it not for the excellent illustrations, and for the summaries of the game regulations of the British East African Protectorate and the German East African Protectorate, the book would have but little intrinsic value. The author does not give a connected story of his hunting expeditions, nor does he narrate many single adventures in following his sport. In brief, the volume is largely a note-book of observations on the various species of game, their habitat, appearance, size, color, habits, and head measurements, jotted down in the curtest and most uninteresting terms imaginable. Should any hunter of big game anticipate a sporting pilgrimage to Africa, however, Captain Dickinson's book will offer him some additional information on the rarer kinds of game in the East African country.

Mrs. Mary Mead Clark, in her book entitled "A Corner in India," tells of the missionary work of her husband and herself among the natives of the Naga Hills in Upper Burma. They lived among those strange people in the high hills from 1868 to 1901, at which time Mrs. Clark returned to her American home with Dr. Clark, who later returned to his charge. Such a long period of residence in that little-known corner of the world would naturally bring Mrs. Clark into contact with many interesting stories of the home-life of the savages in Burma, of their life at work and at play, their worship and strange legends, their relationships with neighboring villages, and, above all, their slow acceptance of the Christian faith offered to them by the zealous missionaries. All these diversified stories Mrs. Clark relates in a simple, unaffected, and pleasing style, and her book is consequently of interest both to the casual reader who likes to know about strange people in remote nooks of the world, and to those readers who are vitally concerned about the spread of the Christian religion. Unlike many books written by missionaries, this one is illustrated with good reproductions of excellent photographs.

H. E. COBLENTZ.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The development of Shakespeare as a dramatist. Professor George P. Baker's "Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist" (Macmillan) is a sane and well-considered attempt to set forth, somewhat more fully than has hitherto been attempted, the conditions that governed Shakespeare's growth in the technique of dramatic art, and the problems which the great dramatist had to meet and solve in pursuing his high vocation of dramatic poet while at the same time satisfying the eager theatre-goers of his day. Professor Baker's experience as an amateur stage-manager has been useful to him in studying the details of the Elizabethan stage; and his chapter on this subject throws a good deal of light on a subject attended with many difficulties, but of greater importance than students of Shakespeare's art used to think. He rightly emphasizes the fact that the Elizabethans went to the theatre to see and hear a *story* told; that Shakespeare, therefore, as an ambitious playwright had to make it his chief business to tell a good story well, and to meet the gradually shifting demands of a public which in a sense may be said to have been growing, like himself, though at a great distance, in dramatic taste; and that Shakespeare's plays must be judged by the standards of their day and not ours. Bearing these facts in mind, we shall worry less over the naming of plays like "Julius Caesar" and "The Merchant of Venice," and in general shall keep a point of view from which we shall be much better able to judge of Tudor dramatic effects and values. If the more subtle effects of dramatic situations are constantly dwelt upon and emphasized by Professor Baker, we are not inclined to quarrel with him for this: for while it is doubtless true that Shakespeare could not have thought of them all while he was writing his plays, still, who shall say which of these effects he may not have thought of and which he may not have unconsciously, but instinctively and just as surely, prepared for? It may be said that very few would feel all or any of these impressions; but this is not the point. If any persons may be considered to have felt them, they are not negligible. The book throws more light on Shakespeare's intellectual and artistic development than many others written with less regard for external conditions and for the part other playwrights played in preparing the way for Shakespeare. The illustrations, representing Elizabethan London and the theatres of that time, are most valuable.

Anthologies for the student of English poetry. The chief difficulty which confronts the teacher of English literature is that of persuading his students to do enough reading to make profitable the use of the historical and critical manual with which they are provided. If they confine themselves to the textbook, their work remains fruitless as far as its real objects are concerned, and they get nothing more from it than a mass of facts and formulæ of slight

educational value, most of which are speedily forgotten. But the reading which they need is not easy to procure. Few of them have the books at home, and if they are sent to the school library, or to the public library, there may be fifty of them trying to get the same book at the same time. The exceptional student will doubtless contrive, in spite of all difficulties, to do a considerable amount of collateral reading, but the average student will give up the task as too onerous, and miss the main purpose of his study. Frankly, there seems to be no way out of the difficulty save by providing each student with an abundant supply of literature for his own private use. In the case of poetry, at least, this is not an insuperable difficulty, for enough poetry can be got into a single volume to be worth while, and, if printed with due economy, the volume need be neither bulky nor expensive. Two volumes have recently come to us having precisely this object in view; in other words, being intended to be small libraries of poetry in themselves. Professor J. M. Manly's "English Poetry," published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., gives us, in double-columned pages, something like fifty thousand lines of the best and most representative English poetry, ranging all the way from the "Ornulum" to Mr. Swinburne. There are practically no notes, except a few of glossarial character, although there is a brief historical introduction to the collection. The poetical drama is necessarily excluded, but all other types are represented, and, except in the case of a few very long poems, the examples are given complete. The other volume of which we now make mention is the "English Poems," edited by Professor W. C. Bronson, and published at the University of Chicago Press. This volume, which extends to about twenty thousand lines, includes only poets of the nineteenth century, as the editor intends to prepare three other volumes for the earlier periods. Professor Bronson also finds room for about a hundred pages of critical and bibliographical notes. These two works, published at a moderate price, should be warmly welcomed as adjuncts to the work of teaching English literature in both colleges and secondary schools.

Volume two of the definitive life of Goethe. The second volume of Bielschowsky's Life of Goethe (Putnam), translated by Professor William A. Cooper of Leland Stanford Junior University, has recently appeared. It covers the period from Goethe's Italian journey to the War of Liberation, 1788-1815, comprising the last two chapters of the first volume and the first twelve of the second of the German edition. Thick paper, clear print, wide margins, and the other accessories that belong to the making of a fine book have been employed, as before, to make an imposing volume. It is, however, almost a source of regret that the publishers have in this way increased the cost of the book. A thinner paper of equally good quality would have made it possible to retain the two volumes of the original. This would certainly have facilitated its

use for frequent reference, and also it seems somewhat out of proportion to make a translation not only cost practically the same per volume as the entire work in the original, but also to increase the number of volumes from two to three. The work was reviewed at some length in *THE DIAL* upon the appearance of the first volume of the translation. At that time its rank as the best and probably the definitive Goethe biography was recognized. It is therefore necessary to speak at this time only of the technical excellence of the translation. In general it seems that here there is a marked improvement; it is very faithful and at the same time the English is usually free from the influence of the foreign idiom. Occasionally the rendering does not allow for the difference in the connotation of the same word in the two languages. Thus in speaking of the poet's visit to a horse-fair to buy horses, Bielschowsky employed the somewhat pedantic expression that this belonged "zur menschlichen Physiognomie des Olympiers." The thought is that the act in question was characteristic of the purely human phase of the poet's exalted nature. Whatever may be said of the German, the literal rendering, "to the human physiognomy of the Olympian," is practically meaningless. In speaking of "Iphigenie auf Tauris" also, the line concluding the great appeal of the priestess to the king, "Verdirb uns — wenn du darfst," is rendered, "Destroy us — if thou dare." This contradicts the very thought of a supreme appeal to "moral principles," upon which the author is commenting. The verb *darfen* almost never means *dare*, and here, as the allusion to divine protection shows, the meaning is, "if thou mayest," or, "if it is permitted thee." However, as already said, the translation is in general exceedingly good, and Professor Cooper deserves the hearty thanks of the large number of admirers of Goethe, for whom reading the original would have been an appalling or an impossible task.

Howell's Letters to ideal form. "If the unresponsive gods, so often invoked, so seldom complaisant, would grant me one sweet boon," writes Miss Agnes Repplier in her introduction to the new edition of James Howell's "Familiar Letters," "I should ask of them that I might join that little band of authors, who, unknown to the wide careless world, remain from generation to generation the friends of a few fortunate readers. These authors grow very shabby as the years roll by, and sometimes — though rarely — a sympathetic publisher turns his attention from the whirling vortex of new books, and gives them a fresh outfit; presents them — if he has a generous soul — with the clearest of type, the finest of paper, the richest and most appropriate of bindings." It is this sort of "new outfit" that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have provided for the "Familiar Letters." The edition is in two volumes, beautifully printed, and bound very simply in terra-cotta boards, with leather back and label, in a fashion to please the "fortunate

few," of whom Miss Repplier speaks, — who have long known and loved the "Letters," and who will be glad to own them in so dignified and suitable a dress. Such persons need no introduction to the "Letters," whether critical or biographical; indeed any but Miss Repplier's they would find superfluous or even intrusive. But Miss Repplier's introductions are never superfluous; they re-kindle half-forgotten enthusiasms, suggest fresh points of view, flash light upon fugitive personalities, show old facts with new faces, — put one, in short, in just the right mood for either the leisurely enjoyment of an old friend or the delightful discovery of a new one. Out of deference, perhaps, to Miss Repplier's well-known antipathy for the omnipresent note, the "Letters" have been left to speak for themselves, and surely no reader will pine for erudite guidance through the maze of curious anecdote, lively narrative, and characteristically intimate comment and reflection which Howell has constructed, writing always crisply and lucidly, in accordance with his belief that a letter should be "short-coated and closely couch'd" and should "not preach but epistolize." The photogravure frontispieces of the new edition reproduce respectively the original frontispiece for the 1678 edition of the "Letters" and a contemporary portrait of Howell, which was engraved for the first edition of one of his more pretentious but less enduring works, "A Discourse Concerning the Precedency of Kings."

An addition to the literature of Esthetics.

An American student of the laws of design as related to beauty, Dr. Denman W. Ross, who has devoted many years to it, during which he taught classes in composition of line, space, and color, at his home in Cambridge, and has lectured on the theory of design at Harvard University, now sets forth in "A Theory of Pure Design" (Houghton) the conclusions at which he has arrived. The book has been long in preparation, and deserves more extended comment than can here be given it. It is "a contribution to science rather than to art," though it should prove a manual of decided value to designers who care to go into the *raison d'être* of the effects for which they strive. Starting out with definitions of the orders of harmony, balance, and rhythm, progress is by carefully ordered steps, each illustrated by diagrams, which, it is perhaps well to explain, are not to be considered as designs, their only function being to elucidate the author's meaning. It is not with designs, but with the basis of all design, that he deals. Great pains have been taken with the terminology, and every statement appears to have been weighed and tested with scrupulous care. The reasoning is clear and in most respects convincing; it would be entirely so but for a false note at the outset, in a definition of harmony which virtually makes it synonymous with unity and takes no note of the accordance of correlations. This at once raises the question whether the fundamental postulates upon which Dr. Ross founds his theory are suffi-

ciently comprehensive. If his formula be accepted, the square must be considered the most harmonious of all rectangular shapes. The omission of all consideration of proportion is, we think, a serious defect. Though Dr. Ross's book is a notable contribution to the literature of aesthetics, the last word upon the subject is not yet said. Nevertheless, what he has written is worthy of most thoughtful consideration. As he aptly remarks, "We must not believe that appreciation is easy. . . . The spontaneity of undeveloped faculty does not count for much. It carries us only a little way. Let no one believe that without study and practice in Design he can recognize and appreciate what is best in Design."

Life of an Elizabethan sea-rover.

That so picturesque a figure as Sir John Hawkins should have remained hitherto all but neglected by biographers is remarkable. Short accounts of him we do have in certain collected biographies, such as Southey's "Lives of the British Admirals," and in the Transactions of the Devonshire Association, as well as in Froude's and other histories of England; but nothing like a detailed biography had appeared until the issue of Mr. R. A. J. Walling's book entitled "A Sea-Dog of Devon" (John Lane Co.). And even this is not offered as a sufficiently full story of the famous mariner's adventures, but rather as "a suggestion toward a detailed 'Life.'" An Introduction is contributed by Lord Brassey and Mr. John Leyland, who assign as one of the author's motives in undertaking the work a desire "to vindicate his hero from the charge of having inaugurated the British slave trade." The author himself declares that "John Lok, an Englishman, visiting the West Coast for ivory and gold-dust some ten years earlier, is entitled to the honour." But that is little to the purpose. Hawkins, as contemporary State Papers and other evidence prove, was early in the field and made himself conspicuous there. As a young man he learned "that negroes were very good merchandise in Hispaniola, and that they might easily be had upon the coast of Guinea." The author admits all this, but urges in defense that if his hero was not a humanitarian, he lived in an unhumanitarian age, and after all there were others worse than he. "Every account of him," he goes so far as to assert, "makes Hawkins a man of large heart and generous sympathies." Yet in "Purchas, his Pilgrimage," it is maintained by "R. M." (supposed to be Sir Robert Mansell), who claims to have known Hawkins personally, that "he had malice with dissimulation, rudeness in behaviour, and was covetous in the last degree." However, a coldly impartial biography would not kindle the reader; and Mr. Walling's book is a good, an interesting, and a useful piece of work.

Shakespeare sensibly considered.

Professor Walter Raleigh's volume on Shakespeare (Macmillan) fills, in the "English Men of Letters" series, a gap that has been allowed to stand for many years. Yet the delay has been advantageous; for

Professor Raleigh and the rest of us have now outlived, let us hope, the period of cock-sure detailed accounts of Shakespeare's life, in which every hour of his earthly existence is accounted for and every line of his plays is confidently attributed to him or his collaborators or Bacon or someone else. Professor Raleigh admits frankly and fearlessly that we do not and probably never shall know much that it would be pleasant and desirable to know about Shakespeare; and then passes on to more important discussions of Shakespeare's reading, the theatre for which he wrote, and the stories and characters and motives of the great plays. He is by no means indifferent to the philological problems still awaiting solution, and illustrates well the nature of these problems by remarks on "The Taming of the Shrew," "Timon," and "Troilus and Cressida," which latter he views as a political drama based on an earlier play which, as a love drama, had given place to "Romeo and Juliet." Except the chronology of the plays, on which Professor Raleigh says very little, there is scarcely an important topic of interpretation or criticism on which he does not manage to touch and to make some sufficiently comprehensive and illuminating remarks. The book may be characterized in short as a suggestive and stimulating discussion of the chief matters that should engage the attention of readers and students of the poet. The author apparently has no illusions, and subscribes to no "isms." He has produced a thoroughly safe volume on the subject of what everyone should know about Shakespeare. If he adds no important fact to our meagre store, if he adds no new theory to the bewildering maze already baffling the student, surely he does much in interpreting for us the times in which Shakespeare moved and, perhaps as successfully as most other writers, the mental life which the poet must have lived. And when we add that he writes not as a fetish-worshipper but as a reverent and honest student, we have said enough.

Bird-studies and bird-stories. It is a very human sort of a book in which Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter has written "What I Have Done with Birds" (Bobbs-Merrill Company). Meadows, thickets, swamps, and orchards, along the Wabash, have revealed their secrets to her persistent search, and she has succeeded in a truly remarkable way in making friends with the birds at their nests. The stories of her successful efforts to photograph the parents, the nests, eggs, and young of the native birds, are quite as interesting as are her excellent photographs. By dint of great patience, persistent care, and what she often modestly calls a lucky chance, she has induced many wild and shy birds, and not a few unusual ones, to pose before her camera,—not only the robin, blue-jay, cow-bird, and barn-owl, but also the queen-rail, wood-thrush, black vulture, yellow-billed cuckoo, and the belted kingfisher. She takes her readers frankly into her confidence, and they share her trials and vexations and soon come to feel the thrill of eager anticipation

which attends each new venture in her sport. This thread of sustained interest runs through the whole book and makes it possible for the reader to overlook a perhaps justifiable pride of the author in her achievements and to ignore at times an abrupt style and a tendency to employ unusual words and phrases. The enthusiasm of her work is contagious and her love of the birds deserving of wide emulation.

NOTES.

A new edition, two volumes in one, of Professor Goldwin Smith's "The United Kingdom: A Political History" is announced by the Macmillan Co.

"A Book of American Prose Humor" and "A Book of Humorous American Verse" are two small volumes that come to us from Messrs. Duffield & Co. They have a number of portrait illustrations.

"The Silver King," "The Dancing Girl," and "Joseph Entangled" are three of the plays of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, now published in as many volumes, with full stage directions, by Mr. Samuel French.

Forster's Life of Dickens, in one volume, will be added to the complete copyright Oxford India Paper and "Fireside" editions of Charles Dickens's works, published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall and Mr. Henry Frowde.

The "Ohio Historical Series," published by the Robert Clarke Co., which has been out of print since the plates were destroyed by fire several years ago, will be reprinted, and new volumes are being planned for the future.

An important forthcoming addition to the Arthur H. Clark Company's list of publications relating to American history is a biography of Dr. John McLoughlin (the "Father of Oregon"), by Mr. Frederick V. Holman of Portland, Oregon.

"The American Jewish Year Book" for 5668 (the current year) is edited by Miss Henrietta Szold, and has for its special feature a directory of the Jewish organizations in the United States. It is issued by the Jewish Publication Society of America.

"Seville" and "Spanish Arms and Armour," both by Mr. Albert F. Calvert, are new volumes published in the "Spanish Series" of the John Lane Co. These volumes, like their predecessors in the series, are notable for the profusion of their photographic illustrations.

The "Roth Edition" of Emanuel Swedenborg's Theological Works, in thirty-two volumes, will be published this month by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This is the first complete edition of Swedenborg's theological writings, and the first trade edition of his works published in this country.

Sidney Lanier's poems, "The Hymns of the Marshes," will be published this Fall by the Messrs. Scribner in an illustrated edition. The book will contain: "Sunrise," "Individuality," "Marsh Song," "At Sunset," and "The Marshes of Glynn." The illustrations have been made from photographs which were taken especially for this purpose.

An important volume of general literary interest is announced by the University of Chicago Press in Mrs. Annie Russell Marble's "Heralds of American Literature." The book represents ten years of research on the beginnings of American literature, and the material

is largely taken from original sources, old newspapers, manuscript letters, journals, etc., with aid from descendants of the men considered, — Francis Hopkinson, Philip Freneau, John Trumbull, Joseph Dennie, William Dunlap, and Charles Brockden Brown.

Volumes on Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Beerbohm Tree have been added to the "Stars of the Stage" series of biographies. They are written, respectively, by Miss Edith A. Browne and Mrs. George Cran. A volume on Alfred Bruneau, by Mr. Arthur Hervey, appears in the companion series of "Living Masters of Music." The John Lane Co. publish all three of these books.

The continued popularity of the pocket edition of the Wormeley translation of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine" which Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. issued a few years ago, has led this house to bring out similar pocket editions of the masterpieces of Dumas, in fourteen volumes, the novels of Jane Austen, in six volumes, to be followed a month later by the masterpieces of Victor Hugo, in ten volumes.

Mr. Benson's new book "The Altar Fire," which the Messrs. Putnam will issue at once, is described as being written in "the form of a diary, and might either be called fictitious narrative that threatens continually to become a series of connected essays, or of essays on the point of turning into a tranquil introspective narration that needs no complication of plot to hold firmly the reader's attention."

An important biography is just announced for publication by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. this autumn in "Augustus St. Gaudens: A Memorial" by Mr. Royal Cortissoz. This handsome volume will contain a memoir of the great sculptor and a study of his work by a distinguished art critic who was his intimate friend. It will be illustrated with fine photogravure reproductions of St. Gaudens's work.

A series of historical volumes under the general editorship of Professor George Lincoln Burr of Cornell University is announced by the Century Co. There will be ten volumes in all, each by a specialist in the field of which he writes, but all working together to secure unity. It is designed that the series, when completed, form a history of the world from the viewpoint of modern scholarship, upon lines essentially new.

Six new volumes in the Messrs. Crowell's "Handy Volume Classics" give us the following titles: Long's translation of Marcus Aurelius; Thoreau's "Cape Cod," with an introduction by Mrs. Annie Russell Marble; Browne's "Religio Medici," with an introduction by Professor C. H. Herford; Mr. Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World"; the "Little Flowers" of St. Francis, edited by Mr. A. G. Ferrers Howell; and "The Best American Tales," chosen by Professors W. P. Trent and J. B. Henneman.

Exclusive rights to the American market for "The King's Classics" have been secured by Messrs. John W. Luce & Co., and they are issuing this month under their imprint thirty-five titles. The general aim has been to furnish, at a low price, thoroughly edited and choiceably-printed editions of many notable masterpieces of literature which have not heretofore been easily accessible, or of which no satisfactory English translations have been made. The series is under the general editorship of Professor Israel Gollanez, Litt.D., while each volume is edited by a scholar of distinction. Forty-five additional titles are in preparation.

The new "Oxford and Cambridge Review" is a very different affair from the little periodical venture put forth from the two universities fifty years ago. It is strictly academic in its demeanor, and an almost portentous seriousness characterizes the contents. These include a *trouvaile* from the papers of John Stuart Mill — a hitherto unpublished essay "On Social Freedom." There are also interesting contributions by Messrs. A. C. Benson, A. W. Verrall, and Ernest Gardner. Religion, politics, and athletics are discussed. The Review is to have three issues a year — one for each college term. It is no less dignified in appearance than in matter.

The new edition of Tourgueniev's novels and short stories, in Miss Isabel Hapgood's translation, is at last complete in fourteen volumes. The six volumes now sent us by the Messrs. Scribner have the following titles: "First Love," "Diary of a Superfluous Man," "The Brigadiers," "Spring Freshets," "Phantoms," and "A Reckless Character." Each of these titles, of course, merely indicates one of a group of stories included in the volume. Even more significant than some of the stories thus named are such others as "Mamé," "Páni and Babárin," "Asya," and "Faust." He who does not know these gems is not more than half acquainted with their author. One of the volumes also gives us the exquisite "Poems in Prose."

The Gypsy Lore Society, which led an honorable existence in England during the four years of 1888-92, has been revived under the presidency of Mr. David MacRitchie, its original founder, and the first number of the new series of its quarterly journal has just been issued. Articles by Professor John Sampson and the late Charles Godfrey Leland appear in this first issue, and there are some nine or ten other contributions, all of the greatest interest to lovers of Gypsy lore. We trust there are many in this country who will aid in this valuable work by sending their applications for membership, together with the annual dues of one pound sterling, to the Secretary of the Society, at 6 Hope Place, Liverpool.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 227 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its issue of Sept. 1.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Robert Owen. By Frank Podmore. In 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc. 8vo, gilt top. D. Appleton & Co. \$6. net.

Thomas Gainsborough: His Life, Work, Friends, and Sitters. By William B. Boulting. With portraits in photogravure, etc. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 336. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.75 net.

William Blake. By Arthur Symons. Large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 423. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.

Tasso and his Times. By William Boulting. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 314. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75 net.

Soldiers of Fortune in Camp and Court. By Alexander Innes Shand. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 306. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.

Alexander Hamilton: An Essay on American Union. By Frederick Scott Oliver. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 509. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Great Golfers in the Making: Being Autobiographical Accounts of the Early Progress of the Most Celebrated Players, with Reflections on the Morals of their Experience. By thirty-four famous players; edited, with introduction, by Henry Leach. Illus., 8vo, pp. 200. George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.50 net.

A Sea-Dog of Devon: A Life of Sir John Hawkins. By R. A. J. Walling; with Introduction by Lord Brassey and John Leyland. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 288. John Lane Co. \$1.75 net.

Sixty Years with Plymouth Church. By Stephen M. Griswold. With portraits. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 191. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1. net.

HISTORY.

Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony: Canada and the Revolution. By Justin H. Smith. In 2 vols., illus., large 8vo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6. net.

England and America, 1768-1788: The History of a Reaction. By Mary A. M. Marks. In 2 vols., 8vo, gilt tops. D. Appleton & Co. \$6. net.

The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba. By Herbert H. Sargent. In 3 vols., with maps. 12mo. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$6. net.

Factors in Modern History. By A. F. Pollard, M.A. 8vo, uncut, pp. 286. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.25 net.

Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux; trans. from the French by John C. Tarver. Vol. III. 1874-1877: with photogravure portraits. 8vo, gilt top. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.

A Journey in the Back Country, 1853-4. By Frederick Law Olmsted. New edition; in 2 vols., 8vo, gilt tops. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5. net.

The Great Plains: The Romance of Western American Exploration, Warfare, and Settlement, 1857-1870. By Randall Parrish. Illus. 8vo, pp. 386. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.75 net.

The History of Babylonia and Assyria. By Hugo Winckler; trans. and edited by James Alexander Craig, revised by the author. With map. 8vo, pp. 352. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

History of Medieval and of Modern Civilization to the End of the Seventeenth Century. By Charles Seignobos; trans. and edited by James Alton James. 12mo, pp. 428. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Collections of the Illinois State Historical Library. The Virginia Series: Vol. I., Cabot's Records, 1778-1790; edited, with introduction and notes, by Clarence W. Alvord. Illus. 8vo, pp. 662. Springfield, Ill.: Illinois State Historical Library.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Unpublished Correspondence of David Garrick. Edited by George P. Baker. Limited edition; illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, uncut. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$7.50 net.

Plays of Our Forefathers and Some of the Traditions Upon Which They Were Founded. By Charles Mills Gayley. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 328. Duffield & Co. \$5.50 net.

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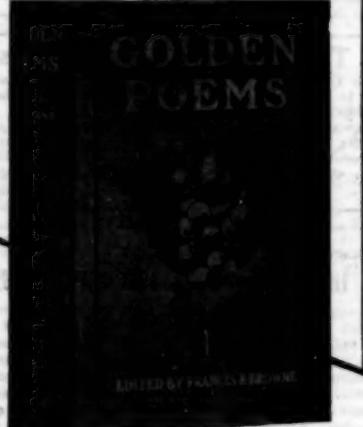
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